The Magic Carpet

Poems for Travelers
Selected and Compiled
By Mrs. Waldo Richards

THE MAGIC CARPET

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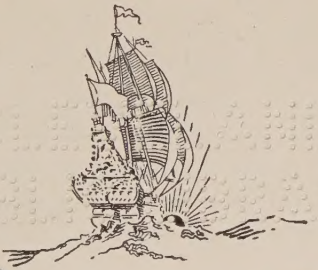
The Magic Carpet

POEMS FOR TRAVELLERS

SELECTED BY

MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

"Out of your cage
Come out of your cage
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!"



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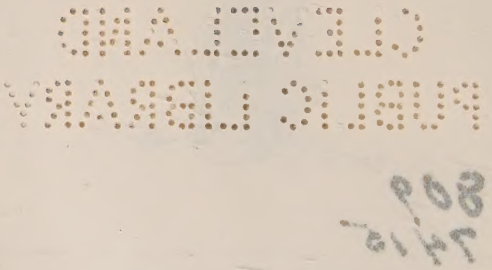

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TO

ALL TRAVELLERS

And to the dear friends with whom
I have travelled, on sea and land—
And on the Magic Carpet of Poetry

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FOREWORD

THERE was one fairy tale of childhood which always appealed to the imagination — "The Magic Carpet." To step upon it was to find ourselves transported — like the little prince in the story — to any far, delightful country we might wish to visit. We have passed beyond the days of the "Arabian Nights." Steamships and express trains, motor-cars and air-planes, are our magic carpets of to-day. In making use of our more modern means of transportation is there not a danger that we may lose the magic — the mystery and charm of anticipation in which lies the deepest pleasure of travel? This may be safeguarded for us by travelling with the poets as our pilots, for under their spirit we feel not only the glow and beauty of romantic tradition, but a more heightened loveliness which radiates to us through their imagination. It was Keats who said that "the great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything in every place interesting."

Within these covers are gathered many poems which contribute joy, beauty, and inspiration to one's travels in the Old World. There are those descriptive of famous and beloved places; and others which, if the "carpet" works its "magic," will create for the traveller that atmosphere of vision and fancy which transcends and enriches experience.

For the stay-at-home traveller, too, the book should have an equal charm. Longfellow tells us in his poem "Travels by the Fireside":

> "Let others traverse sea and land,
> And toil through various climes,
> I turn the world round with my hand
> Reading these poets' rhymes."

Laden with joyous memories, the book goes forth. May it take its friends across sunlit seas into happy harbors.

GERTRUDE MOORE RICHARDS

March, 1924

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BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honored love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

SHAKESPEARE

THE SEA GYPSY

I AM fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

RICHARD HOVEY

NIGHT AT SEA

A BROODING silence of stars, and a path of light
Where the ship wakes fleeting fires in the sea's calm night.
The swift typhoon may leap from a sudden cloud
And these waves turn cruel as hate and white as a shroud,
But to-night the sombre sweetness of sea and sky
Is hushed as the touch of your lips when we said good-bye.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

NIGHT OF STARS

The sky immense, bejewelled with rain of stars,
Hangs over us:
The stars like a sudden explosion powder the zenith
With green and gold;
North-east, south-west the Milky Way's pale streamers
Flash past in flame;
The sky is a swirling cataract
Of fire, on high.

Over us the sky up to the zenith
Palpitates with tense glitter:
About our keel the foam bubbles and curdles
In phosphorescent joy.
Flame boils up to meet down-rushing flame
In the blue stillness.
Aloft a single orange meteor
Crashes down the sky.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

DAWN ON MID-OCEAN

Veiled are the heavens, veiled the throne,
  The sacred spaces of the vast
And virgin sea make sullen moan
  Into the Void whence God has passed.

With His right hand He wakened it,
  The sorrowing Deep, to sweet dismay, —
And sighed; with His left hand He lit
  The stars in heaven, and took His way,

Leaving this loveliness behind:
The inconsolable Vacancy
Bears witness in the veiled night and blind
To some departed Mystery.

Disconsolate for One withdrawn,
Moan the vague mouths. One cold and clear
Star, like a lamp, in the pale dawn
Trembles for passion: God was here!

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

TO THE OCEAN

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown

His steps are not upon thy paths, thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,

Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here.

LORD BYRON

SEA-FEVER

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

A GULL

GREY wings, O grey wings against a cloud
Over the rough waves flashing,
Whose was the scream, startling and loud,
Keen through the skies, — was it thine,
Piercing above the wind and the moaning whine
Of the wide seas dashing?
Whose was the scream that I heard
In the midst of the hurrying air, —
Was it thine, lost bird?
Or the voice of an old despair
Shrieking from years long dead,
Inexorable spirit flying
On tempest wings, that passed and fled
Through the storm crying?

ROBERT HILLYER

A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,

That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare;
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped, grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES

AFTER THE SEA-SHIP

AFTER the Sea-Ship — after the whistling winds;
After the white-gray sails, taut to their spars and ropes,
Below, a myriad, myriad waves, hastening, lifting up their necks,

Tending in ceaseless flow toward the track of the ship:
Waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling, blithely prying,
Waves, undulating waves — liquid, uneven, emulous waves,
Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant, with curves,
Where the great Vessel, sailing and tacking, displaced the surface;
Larger and smaller waves, in the spread of the ocean, yearnfully flowing;
The wake of the Sea-Ship, after she passes — flashing and frolicsome, under the sun,
A motley procession, with many a fleck of foam, and many fragments,
Following the stately and rapid Ship — in the wake following.

WALT WHITMAN

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

THE wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar —
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world — here on the tie-ribs of earth
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat —

Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth —
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

RUDYARD KIPLING

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,

The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
  The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
  Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
  And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
  Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
  And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
  No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
  O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
  And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
  Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
  Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
  Better than with my own.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE VENTURE

I NEVER see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do,

Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,
And into those pale spaces where they say:
"Unknown." Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing — were it not for you
I would be off to-morrow with the day!

Then, since I am at anchor at your door,
Befriend the wistful stranger; make me free
Of all your little country and its store
Of unknown things and wonders — spread for me
The chart and let me venture, till I find
The secrets of your beauty and your mind.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

TO THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE HIM

How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay,
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blest in every way?

Now it may be, the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?

The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim or ravel
Whilst I stay here,— but oh, my dear,
If I should ever travel!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

All day she sits behind a bright brass rail
Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring
Far places near, — high-colored words that sing —
"The Táj-Mahál at Agra". . . "Kashmir's Vale". . .
Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
"Seville or Fiesole in spring, —
Thro' the Fjords in June —" her words take wing:
She is the minstrel of the great Out-Trail!

At half-past five she puts her maps away,
Pins on a gray, meek hat and braves the sleet,
A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
The house that harbors her in a gray street,
The close, sequestered, colorless retreat
Where she was born; where she will always stay.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

A PRAYER

Lord, may I be a wandering star,
When I have reached my greater life, —
Know alien suns, and planets far,
And tempests of creative strife.

Let me go forth from narrow ways,
From little streets, and household fires,
Freed from the count of measured days,
And from the clutch of small desires.

Show me the things I have not known
From some ecstatic mountain height;

Lord, not to claim them for my own,
  But for the hour's unchecked delight.

Show me some great and lonely road,
  By vast auroral flashes lit,
Where souls that know no fixed abode
  From rapture unto rapture flit.

Oh, let me journey without rest,
  Be never weary, never still,
But follow an unending quest,
  With tireless force and gallant will.

Let me forget entangling things,
  And be through boundless orbits hurled;
I, who have beaten helpless wings
  In little cages of the world.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

MERCHANTMEN

ALL honour be to merchantmen,
  And ships of all degree
In warlike dangers manifold
  Who sail and keep the sea, —
In peril of unlitten coast
  And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
  To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A hard-run tramp from anywhere — a tug from Mersey-
  side —

A cattle-boat from Birkenhead — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honour be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race,
And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmoured save by valiant hearts
And strong in nought but soul.

All honour be to merchantmen
So long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious dead
From rise to set of sun, —
All honour be to merchantmen,
While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
And served and saved their land.

A sailing ship from Liverpool — a tanker from the Clyde —
A schooner from the West countrie — a tug from Mersey-side —
A fishing smack from Grimsby town — a coaler from the Tyne —
All honour be to merchantmen while sun and moon do shine!

C. Fox Smith

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield

THE SEARCHLIGHT

I saw a great white shaft of light
  Skyward leaping, earthward sloping;
Across the regions of the night
  Forever groping!

I thought how Man's undaunted mind —
  Spurred by a hope that is supernal —
Explores the firmament to find
  A gate to the eternal!

Daniel Henderson

CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON

TRAVEL

THE railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

IN THE TRAIN

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

JAMES THOMSON

THE TICKET AGENT

LIKE any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,

He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

For listening you'll hear him say
". . . and then to Aden and Bombay . . ."

Or ". . . 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains — Home . . ."

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets — nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it — work!

EDMUND LEAMY

IN A WAITING-ROOM

ON a morning sick as the day of doom
With the drizzling grey
Of an English May,
There were few in the railway waiting-room.
About its walls were framed and varnished
Pictures of liners, fly-blown, tarnished.
The table bore a Testament
For travellers' reading, if suchwise bent.

I read it on and on,
And, thronging the Gospel of Saint John,
Were figures — additions, multiplications —

By some one scrawled, with sundry emendations;
Not scoffingly designed,
But with an absent mind, —
Plainly a bagman's counts of cost,
What he had profited, what lost;
And whilst I wondered if there could have been
Any particle of a soul
In that poor man at all,
To cypher rates of wage
Upon that printed page,
There joined in the charmless scene
And stood over me and the scribbled book
(To lend the hour's mean hue
A smear of tragedy too)
A soldier and wife, with haggard look
Subdued to stone by strong endeavour;
And then I heard
From a casual word
They were parting as they believed for ever.

But next there came
Like the eastern flame
Of some high altar, children — a pair —
Who laughed at the fly-blown pictures there.
"Here are the lovely ships that we,
Mother, are by and by going to see!
When we get there it's 'most sure to be fine,
And the band will play, and the sun will shine!"
It rained on the skylight with a din
As we waited and still no train came in;
But the words of the child in the squalid room
Had spread a glory through the gloom.

THOMAS HARDY

ENGLAND

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning
unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow!
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow!
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

OUR brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry — over headland, mess, and voe —
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the siren hoots and roars —
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail —
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman have a care,
The flash that, wheeling inland, wakes his sleeping wife to prayer.

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn — his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith, and Hull;
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea —
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,
The lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak!

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE ISLAND

A song for England?
Nay, what is a song for England?

Our hearts go by green-cliffed Kinsale
Among the gulls' white wings,
Or where, on Kentish forelands pale
The lighthouse beacon swings:
Our hearts go up the Mersey's tide,
Come in on Suffolk foam —
The blood that will not be denied
Moves fast, and calls us home!

Our hearts now walk a secret round
On many a Cotswold hill,
For we are mixed of island ground,
The island draws us still:
Our hearts may pace a windy turn
Where Sussex downs are high,
Or watch the lights of London burn,
A bonfire in the sky!

What is the virtue of that soil
That flings her strength so wide?
Her ancient courage, patient toil,
Her stubborn wordless pride?
A little land, yet loved therein
As any land may be,
Rejoicing in her discipline,
The salt stress of the sea.

Our hearts shall walk a Sherwood track,
Our lips taste English rain,
We thrill to see the Union Jack
Across some deep-sea lane;
Though all the world be of rich cost
And marvellous with worth,

Yet if that island ground were lost
How empty were the earth!

A song for England?
Lo, every word we speak's a song for England.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ENGLAND

No lovelier hills than thine have laid
My tired thoughts to rest:
No peace of lovelier valleys made
Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul,
Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal;
Thy clouds — how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity!

My heart within me faints to roam
In thought even far from thee:
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
And thine my darkness be.

WALTER DE LA MARE

GOING UP TO LONDON

"As I went up to London,"
I heard a stranger say —
Going up to London
In such a casual way!
He turned the magic phrase
That has haunted all my days
As though it were a common thing
For careless lips to say.
As he went up to London!
I'll wager many a crown
He never saw the road that I
Shall take to London town.

When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town.

Halting on a tall hill
Pied with purple flowers,
Twenty turrets I shall count,
And twice as many towers;

Count them on my finger-tip
As I used to do,
And half a hundred spires
Pricking toward the blue.
There will be a glass dome
And a roof of gold,
And a latticed window high
Tilting toward the western sky,
As I knew of old.
London, London,
They counted me a fool —
I could draw your skyline plain
Before I went to school!

Riding, riding downward
By many a silver ridge
And many a slope of amethyst,
I'll come to London Bridge —
London Bridge flung wide for me,
Horses drawn aside for me,
Thames my amber looking-glass
As I proudly pass;
Lords and flunkies, dukes and dames,
Country folk with comely names
Wondering at my steadfast face,
Beggars curtsying,
Footmen falling back a space; —
I would scarcely stay my pace
If I met the King!
If I met the King himself
He'd smile beneath his frown:
"Who is this comes travelling up
So light to London town?"

Riding, riding eagerly,
Thrusting through the throng,
(Travelling light, Your Majesty,
Because the way was long),
I'll hurry fast to London gate,
(The way was long, and I am late),
I'll come at last to London gate,
Singing me a song —
Some old rhyme of ancient time
When wondrous things befell.
And there the boys and girls at play,
Understanding well,
Quick will hail me, clear and sweet,
Crowding, crowding after;
Every little crooked street
Will echo to their laughter;
Lilting, as they mark my look,
Chanting, two and two,
Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream
And waked and found it true!

Sing, you rhymes, and ring, you chimes
And swing, you bells of Bow!
When I go up to London
All the world shall know!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON

LONDON, thou art of townes *A per se.*
Soveraign of cities, seemliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches and royaltie;
Of lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght;

Of most delectable lusty ladies bright;
Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall;
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of myght:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gladdith anon, thou lusty Troynovaunt,
Citie that some tyme cleped was New Troy;
In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,
Pryncesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,
A richer restith under no Christen roy;
For manly power, with craftis naturall,
Fourmeth none fairer sith the flode of Noy:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour;
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie;
Of royall cities rose and geraflour;
Empress of townes, exalt in honour;
In beawtie berying the crone imperiall;
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure;
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and preclare,
Under the lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swan doth swymme with wyngis fair;
Where many a barge doth saile and row with are;
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royall.
O towne of townes! patrone and not compare,
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
Been merchauntis full royall to behold;
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyght
In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold.
By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old
May be the hous of Mars victoryall,
Whose artillary with tonge may not be told:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis;
Wise be the people that within thee dwellis;
Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis;
Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis;
Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis;
Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small;
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,
With sword of justice thee ruleth prudently.
No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce
In dignitye or honour goeth to hym nigh.
He is exampler, loode-ster, and guye;
Principall patrone and rose orygynalle,
Above all Maires as maister most worthy:
London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

WILLIAM DUNBAR

gladdith = rejoice.
Troynovaunt = Troja nova or Trinovantum.
fourmeth = appeareth.
geraflour = gillyflower.
are = oar.
small = slender.
kellis = hoods, head-dresses.
guye = guide.

LONDON BEAUTIFUL

London, I heard one say, no more is fair,
London whose loveliness is everywhere,
London so beautiful at morning light
One half forgets how fair she is at night,
London as beautiful at set of sun
As though her beauty had but just begun;
London, that mighty sob, that splendid tear,
That jewel hanging in the great world's ear.
Strange queen of all this grim romantic stone,
Paris, say some, shall push you from your throne,
And all the tumbled beauty of your dreams
Submit to map and measure, straight cold schemes
Which for the loveliness that comes by chance
Shall substitute the conscious streets of France,
A beauty made for beauty that has grown,
An alien beauty, London, for your own.

Oh, wistful eyes so full of mist and tears,
Long be it ere your haunted vision clears,
Long ere the blood of your great heart shall flow
Through inexpressive avenue and row;
Straight-stepping, prim, the once adventurous stream,
Its spirit gone, it loiters not to dream,
All straight and pretty, trees on either side,
For London's beauty London beautified.
Ah! of your beauty change no single grace,
My London with your sad mysterious face.

Richard Le Gallienne

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

"*The Southern Transept, hardly known*
by any other name but Poets' Corner."

Dean Stanley

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens

Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine.

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamantine heart,
Or slyly wrapped in unsuspected sand —
The dross men toil for, and oft stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim claustral air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this —
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the constellations pale!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WESTMINSTER BELLS

WITH dear old Devon's azure dome above,
And vernal earth beneath, and birds about,

In ecstasy I move and dearly love
All golden days, nor any lurking doubt
Of omnipresent God e'er penetrates
The wide-flung windows of my happy soul,
One with all nature royally I roll
Through soaring seasons . . .

But my spirit mates,
So harshly with grey chimney-pots and smoke
And huddled houses and hot thoroughfares,
That awful aching wander-lust nigh wears
My heart out through the hurried hours that choke
All silver chimes — till on the midnight clear
Westminster bells say: 'God is even here!'

ANITA DUDLEY

ST. JAMES'S STREET

ST. JAMES'S STREET, of classic fame,
For Fashion still is seen there:
St. James's Street? I know the name,
I almost think I've been there!
Why, that's where *Sacharissa* sigh'd
When Waller read his ditty;
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
And Alvanley was witty.

A famous Street. To yonder Park
Young Churchill stole in class-time;
Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,
And then recall the past time.
The *plats* at White's, the play at *Crock's*
The bumpers to Miss Gunning;

The *bonhomie* of Charlie Fox,
And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old Street of clubs and *cribs*,
As north and south it stretches,
Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs,
And Gillray's fiercer sketches;
The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
The *mots*, the racy stories;
The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile —
The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,
Dim forms will rise around me;
Lepel flits past me in her chair,
And Congreve's airs astound me!
And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young Sprite,
Look'd kindly when I met her;
I shook my head, perhaps, — but quite
Forgot to quite forget her.

The Street is still a lively tomb
For rich, and gay, and clever;
The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
And die as fast as ever.
Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,
And slang that's rather *scaring;*
It can't approach its prototypes
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckle shoes,
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,

They'd fight, and woo, and bet — and lose
Like gentlemen and scholars:
I'm glad young men should go the pace,
I half forgive *Old Rapid;*
These louts disgrace their name and race —
So vicious and so vapid!

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, indeed,
Will then be quite forgotten,
And all we much revere will speed
From ripe to worse than rotten:
Let grass then sprout between yon stones,
And owls then roost at Boodle's,
For Echo will hurl back the tones
Of screaming *Yankee Doodles.*

I love the haunts of old Cockaigne,
Where wit and wealth were squander'd;
The halls that tell of hoop and train,
Where grace and rank have wander'd;
Those halls where ladies fair and leal
First ventured to adore me!
Something of that old love I feel
For this old Street before me.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

LONDON

THE shadowy slender footfalls of the past
Go on before me, down the square.
Slow speaking buildings, men out of old books
Reach spirit fingers to me everywhere.

And then the sudden stirring of to-day
Grasps at my arm and leaves me eager-eyed:
Dreams of new poets, color, movement, song;
Forces of men, long rollers of the tide,

Shattering in crash of desiccated foam
Only to gather back within the flood,
And move again in clear green loveliness
The onward, even curve of brotherhood.

The wind of now and then blows over strong,
For one small reed by whence and whither bent.
It smothers me. I struggle with my hands,
With joy and singing and bewilderment.

Yet I shall come to walk all quietly
Among the crowd of lives and deaths amassed,
With swaying, restless, passionate To-day,
Or with the grey-eyed figure of the Past.

ESTHER ALIDA PHILLIPS

THE LADIES OF SAINT JAMES'S

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN

THE ladies of Saint James's
  Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
  With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
  Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of Saint James's
  Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
  With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
  Before the world is down.

The ladies of Saint James's!
  They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
  Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  The breath of heath and furze
When breezes blow at morning,
  Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of Saint James's!
  They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever
  Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, —
  It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of Saint James's!
  You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
  Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
  Her shy and simple words

Are clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds.

The ladies of Saint James's!
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you — for seconds;
They frown on you — for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all Saint James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida — for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

AUSTIN DOBSON

NOVEMBER BLUE

The golden tint of the electric lights seems to give a complementary colour to the air in the early evening. — Essay on London.

O HEAVENLY colour, London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And, hooded in an earthly brown,
Unheaven'd the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;

Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew —
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky about their feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.

ALICE MEYNELL

ON LONDON BRIDGE

IN dull December weather
When the town is brimmed with mist,
Evening comes showering from the sky
In a rain of amethyst:

Evening descends upon the town
Like the soft bloom on a grape
Till the buildings ranked and piled become
One many-towered shape

Modelled and moulded out of light,
Soft-coloured light that glows
On the eastward side like violet
And westward like the rose:

And all along the river-bank
Twilight so blue descends

That it hides where the windowed walls begin
And where the water ends:

And in the hollow beneath the bridge
Dim grows the air, until
Only a steel-blue ripple gleams
And the water's breath breathes chill.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

SHOPS

OH, London has the bold shops, the silver and the gold shops,
Rich with all the treasures in the wide world found.
Oh, there you'll find the fairest shops, the cheapest and the rarest shops,
All ablaze with color on the pearl-grey ground!
They deck themselves at daytime with the colors of the Maytime;
They deck themselves at twilight with a glad and lyric glee;
But oh — the fusty, frowsy shops, those old marine, Limehousey shops —
Oh, they're the shops that most I love — the only shops for me!

THOMAS BURKE

YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET

YESTERDAY in Oxford street, oh, what d'you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years;

The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue
between,
And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and
lace —
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely
place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved her
little hand;
But I could only stare and stare — oh, would she under-
stand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining
blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings — a bird had fluttered
by —
And down into the street she looked and up into the
sky;
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, altho' I looked all day;
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to stay:
But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck for
me,
That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be there to
see!

ROSE FYLEMAN

BLIGHTY

The train purred into Charing Cross,
The nurse bent overhead.
"A moment now and we'll be in;
Lie easy, lad," she said.
Lie easy! Never easier!
Small wonder if she guessed
It was the noise of London
That soothed him into rest.

The nurses came, the doctors came,
The stretcher-bearers last;
Mute crowds about the platform
Uncovered as he passed;
The ambulance crawled through the Arch
And then — he heard it clear —
It was the voice of London
That said, "Old man, you're here!"

He'll never know the girl's name
Beside the curb who cried,
"Here's luck, my lad!" and tossed the bunch
Of posies at his side —
A bunch of English daffodils,
Yet never gift as rare —
It was the love of London
His one hand lifted there.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE DAFFODILS OF OLD SAINT PAUL'S

Call delicately through the town;
"Let April have its will;
Oh run; oh, run to Old Saint Paul's
And buy a daffodil!

A rosy vicar saw their kind
Three hundred years ago,
And thrust them on a Devon shelf
Where they are still in blow.

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Could Herrick come to Old Saint Paul's
With our tall flowers so gay,
He would not have the heart indeed
To tear himself away.

The hawker sets them on the curb
Like candles thereabout;
Oh, buy your one; oh, buy your two,
Before they splutter out!"

Lizette Woodworth Reese

SILVER STREET

Here, if you will, your fancy may destroy
This house before you and see flaming down
To ashes and to mysteries the old town
Where Shakespeare was a tenant for Mountjoy;
Here played the mighty child who for his toy
Must have the world — king, wizard, sage and clown,
Queen, fiend and trollop — and with no more renown,
May be, than friends and envy might annoy.

And in this little graveyard, if you will,
He stands again, as often long ago
He stood considering what it signified.
We may have doubted, or be doubting still, —
But whether it be all so, or all not so,
One has to walk up Wood Street from Cheapside.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A SONG OF FLEET STREET

FLEET STREET! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the morning,
With the old sun laughing out behind the dome of Paul's,
Heavywains a-driving, merry winds a-striving,
White clouds and blue sky above the smoke-stained walls.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the noontide,
East and west the streets packed close, and roaring like the sea;
With laughter and with sobbing we feel the world's heart throbbing,
And know that what is throbbing is the heart of you and me.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the evening,
Darkness set with golden lamps down Ludgate Hill a-row:
Oh! hark the voice o' th' city that breaks our hearts with pity,
That crazes us with shame and wrath, and makes us love her so.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! morning, noon, and starlight,
Through the never-ceasing roar come the great chimes
clear and slow;
"Good are life and laughter, though we look before and
after,
And good to love the race of men a little ere we go."

ALICE WERNER

"GAY GO UP, AND GAY GO DOWN"

GAY go up, and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of Saint Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of Saint Giles'.

Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of Saint Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of Saint Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of Saint Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at Saint John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at Saint Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at Saint Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Mother Goose's Melodies

A BALLAD OF LOVE IN LONDON

I HAD heard of the grey of London, the fogs like a heavy shroud
That covered the ancient city and wrapped it in a cloud;
And I had read in many a book and heard from many a tongue
Of the long relentless London rain, whose song is never sung —

Grey days, sad days, days of dread and gloom,
And nights of dark foreboding like the silent tomb.

But when I went to London, where soon or late one goes,
I met an English maiden, with a face like an English rose;
Her eyes were a bit of heaven, her hair was a golden cloud —
And little I knew of the long, long rain, or the fogs like a heavy shroud!

In candlelight and firelight, beyond Trafalgar Square,
O London was a bright town, London was fair!

I had heard of the dripping eaves on lonely Winter nights,
The mist that covered the Thames at dusk, and the half-extinguished lights;
The loneliness in the heart of the world, the desolation there —
But I found all joy, all love, all life, beyond Trafalgar Square!

Sad town, mad town, town of tears and shame,
But O, to me a glad town — and blesséd be her name!

I had dreamed of dimness, and darkness everywhere;
For folk had said that London was anything but fair;
And yet upon her withered cheek I spied a rose's red,
And in her eyes a glory, and a crown upon her head!

With lovelight and firelight and candlelight, how fair
Was wonderful old London beyond Trafalgar Square!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE LONDON BOBBY

The finest thing in London is the Bobby;
Benignant information is his hobby.
Don't be autobiographic
While he's regulating traffic,
But when less pronounced congestion
Gives him leisure, put your question,
And without the slightest fuss
He will designate the bus
That will take you out to Stratford,
Brixton, Clapham Junction, Catford,
Hendon, Plaistow, Horsleydown,
Cricklewood, — or any town,
Street or district that you're bound for;
'Tis a thing that he's renowned for.
Who so amiably efficient,
Who so helpfully omniscient,
Who so humorously gentle,
So indulgently parental?
When you're stupefied and silly
In the rush of Piccadilly,
When you're feeling lost and sobby, —
Yes, the finest thing in London is the Bobby!

Oh, of course, you'll see the Tower
Where when knighthood was in flower
They decapitated traitors,
Nobles, queens and legislators;
Then they'll show you old St. Paul's,
Crumbling bits of Roman walls,
Galleries of wondrous treasures,
Public parks for simple pleasures,

Palaces remotely dated,
Vaulted chambers consecrated
By Elizabeth the Spinster,
And the Abbey of Westminster
And the House of Commons lobby; —
But the finest thing in London is the Bobby!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE ROLLING ENGLISH ROAD

BEFORE the Roman came to Rye or out of Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread,
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire;
But I did bash their bagginets because they came arrayed
To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard made,
When you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in our hands,
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do flowers run
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?

The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which
was which,
But the wild rose was above him when they found him in
the ditch.
God pardon us, nor harden us; we did not see so clear
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton
Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age,
But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wan-
dereth,
And see undrugged in evening light the decent inn of death;
But there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be
seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

G. K. Chesterton

STANZAS

Written under a Picture of King's College Chapel Cambridge

Most beautiful! I gaze and gaze
In silence on the glorious pile,
And the glad thoughts of other days
Come thronging back the while.
To me dim memory makes more dear
The perfect grandeur of the shrine;
But if I stood a stranger here,
The ground were still divine.

Some awe the good and wise have felt,
As reverently their feet have trod

On any spot where man hath knelt
To commune with his God;
By sacred spring, or haunted well,
Beneath the ruined temple's gloom,
Beside the feeble hermit's cell,
Or the false Prophet's tomb.

But when was high devotion graced
With lovelier dwelling, loftier throne,
Than here the limner's art hath traced
From the time-honoured stone?
The Spirit here of Worship seems
To bind the soul in willing thrall,
And heavenward hopes and holy dreams
Come at her voiceless call;

At midnight, when the lonely moon
Looks from a vapour's silvery fold;
At morning, when the sun of June
Crests the high towers with gold;
For every change of hour and form
Makes that fair scene more deeply fair,
And dusk and daybreak, calm and storm,
Are all Religion there.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

AUTUMN MORNING AT CAMBRIDGE

I RAN out in the morning, when the air was clean and new,
And all the grass was glittering, and grey with autumn dew,
I ran out to the apple-tree and pulled an apple down,
And all the bells were ringing in the old grey town.

Down in the town, off the bridges and the grass,
They are sweeping up the leaves to let the people pass,
Sweeping up the old leaves, golden-reds and browns,
While the men go to lecture with the wind in their gowns.

FRANCES CORNFORD

THE OLD VICARAGE, GRANTCHESTER

CAFÉ DES WESTENS, BERLIN, MAY, 1912

. . . . . .

εἴθε γενοίμην . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester! —
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,

How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;
And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts

Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester! ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told). . . .

Ah, God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze

Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
Is dawn a secret shy and cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born,
Do hares come out about the corn?
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . Oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

RUPERT BROOKE

"THERE IS A HILL BESIDE THE SILVER THAMES"

THERE is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,

And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows:
His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade,
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.
His winter floods lay bare
The stout roots in the air:
His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees:
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;
Where spreading crowfoot mars
The drowning nenuphars,
Waving the tassels of her silken grass
Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold;

Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold:
  Yet should her roots but try
  Within these deeps to lie,
Not her long reaching stalk could ever hold
  Her waxen head so high.

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
  And dreams, or falls asleep,
  While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
  Dart off and rise and leap.

And sometimes a slow figure 'neath the trees,
In ancient-fashioned smock, with tottering care
Upon a staff propping his weary knees,
May by the pathway of the forest fare:
  As from a buried day
  Across the mind will stray
Some perishing mute shadow,— and unaware
  He passeth on his way.

Else, he that wishes solitude is safe,
Whether he bathe at morning in the stream:
Or lead his love there when the hot hours chafe
The meadows, busy with a blurring steam;
  Or watch, as fades the light,
  The gibbous moon grow bright,
Until her magic rays dance in a dream,
  And glorify the night.

Where is this bower beside the silver Thames?
O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow!
O trees of freshest foliage and straight stems,
No sharer of my secret I allow:
  Lest ere I come the while
  Strange feet your shades defile;
Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow
  Within your guardian isle.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I SAW the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-grey sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
  On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded — War!
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
  To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,

Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

W. M. Letts

OXFORD NIGHTS

About the august and ancient *Square*,
Cries the wild wind; and through the air,
The blue night air, blows keen and chill:
Else, all the night sleeps, all is still.
Now, the lone *Square* is blind with gloom;
Now, on that clustering chestnut bloom,
A cloudy moonlight plays, and falls
In glory upon *Bodley's* walls:
Now, wildier yet, while moonlight pales,
Storm the tumultuary gales.
O rare divinity of Night!
Season of undisturbed delight:
Glad interspace of day and day!
Without, a world of winds at play:
Within, I hear what dead friends say.
Blow, winds! and round that perfect *Dome*,
Wail as you will, and sweep, and roam:
Above *Saint Mary's* carven home,
Struggle, and smite to your desire
The sainted watchers on her spire:
Or in the distance vex your power
Upon mine own *New College* tower:
You hurt not these! On me and mine,
Clear candlelights in quiet shine:
My fire lives yet! nor have I done

With *Smollett*, nor with *Richardson:*
With, gentlest of the martyrs! *Lamb*,
Whose lover I, long lover, am:
With *Gray*, whose gracious spirit knew
The sorrows of art's lonely few:
With *Fielding*, great and strong, and tall;
Sterne, exquisite, equivocal;
Goldsmith, the dearest of them all:
While *Addison's* demure delights
Turn *Oxford*, into *Attic*, nights.
Still *Trim* and *Parson Adams* keep
Me better company, than sleep:
Dark sleep, who loves not me; nor I
Love well her nightly death to die,
And in her haunted chapels lie.
Sleep wins me not: but from his shelf
Brings me each wit his very self:
Beside my chair the great ghosts throng,
Each tells his story, sings his song:
And in the ruddy fire I trace
The curves of each *Augustan* face.
I sit at *Doctor Primrose'* board:
I hear *Beau Tibbs* discuss a lord,
Mine, *Matthew Bramble's* pleasant wrath;
Mine, all the humours of the *Bath*.
Sir Roger and the *Man in Black*
Bring me the *Golden Ages* back.
Now white *Clarissa* meets her fate,
With virgin will inviolate:
Now *Lovelace* wins me with a smile,
Lovelace, adorable and vile.
I taste, in slow alternate way,
Letters of *Lamb*, letters of *Gray:*

Nor lives there, beneath *Oxford* towers,
More joy, than in my silent hours.
Dream, who love dreams! forget all grief:
Find, in sleep's nothingness, relief:
Better my dreams! Dear, human books,
With kindly voices, winning looks!
Enchaunt me with your spells of art,
And draw me homeward to your heart:
Till weariness and things unkind
Seem but a vain and passing wind:
Till the gray morning slowly creep
Upward, and rouse the birds from sleep:
Till *Oxford* bells the silence break,
And find me happier, for your sake.
Then, with the dawn of common day,
Rest you! But I, upon my way,
What the fates bring, will cheerlier do,
In days not yours, through thoughts of you!

LIONEL JOHNSON

STANZA FROM "THYRSIS"

RUNS it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames? —
This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

"THERE IS A WOOD ON BURFORD DOWN"

April

There is a wood on Burford Down,
Kept sacred to anemones
  And primroses;
A refuge to a man from town.

I dared not venture in the wood
To walk amid the clumps of bloom;
  There was no room
For careful footsteps: thus I stood

Enthralled, not hazarding to guess
The riddle of the lavish throw
  Of saffron snow —
Why Love should scatter such largesse.

George Montagu (Earl of Sandwich)

GUILIELMUS REX

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way —
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen —
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,

What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things —
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

A GHOST OUT OF STRATFORD

FOR all the crowd that packed the house to-night,
Marked you the vacant seat none came to claim, . . .
The fourth row from the front, and to the right? . . .
Vacant, I call it now. . . But I could name
A thing that happened when the lights were off,
Of one who walked in buckles down the aisle,
Wearing a great hat that he scorned to doff,
And richly kerchiefed, wrist and neck in style.

Once in the play — I swear it — once I heard,
Along the tumult of our loud applause,
A sly and ghostly chuckle at a word
That Falstaff mouthed with those outrageous jaws . . .
I think he liked the play . . . and stayed, no doubt,
Long after us, and lingered going out.

DAVID MORTON

THE AVON AND THE THAMES

IF, in all Albion's storied sweep,
No other wave were seen,
The Avon and the Thames would keep
Her romance gardens green.

Two silver cords are those she wears,
  Fast by her side to hold
Her book of songs, her book of prayers,
  As did the dames of old.

Fine lyric lore the first book reads,
  Of woodland wanderings;
The other, ancient, holy deeds
  And orisons of kings.

Mitres and crowns continually
  Allure the chanting Thames; —
The Avon lilts to any lea
  For cowslip diadems.

The Thames, at Oxford turned the sage,
  The Prince at Windsor grown,
Betakes himself in pilgrimage
  To Lambeth's reverend throne.

But Avon, gentle Avon, goes
  Far from such loud renown,
Beneath old Warwick's porticos
  To quiet Stratford town.

And there — sweet home of high romance! —
  It loiters, giving praise
For him whose consecrating glance
  Sought once its leafy ways.

Gold reveries, silken dreams, beside
  Its marge their glamour blend,
Till, slipping to the Severn's tide,
  It smiles an envied end.

While Thames and Avon onward sing,
Their music's spell shall fall,
The one's on warrior, priest and king,
The other's upon all.

ARTHUR UPSON

UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O PASTORAL heart of England! like a psalm
Of green days telling with a quiet beat —
O wave into the sunset flowing calm!
O tired lark descending on the wheat!
Lies it all peace beyond that western fold
Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star
Rise upon Malvern? Paints an Age of Gold
Yon cloud with prophecies of linked ease —
Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,
To drowse beside her implements of war?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd
Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflame.
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
Abides; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,
Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour
By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.
E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes
To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap
Like a repentant child at length he hies,

Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap
  Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries:
But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,
  With still, small voice divinelier whispering
— Lifting the green head of the aconite,
  Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot —
  She feels God's finger active at the root,
  Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

THE MEMORY OF KENT

KENTISH hamlets grey and old,
  The spring breeze calls you back to me;
Now I know, by weald and wold
Your primroses manifold
Glisten, and such delicate gold
  As nowhere else men see,
Through the woodways soft and brown,
  By the swollen streams,
By the cart-tracks rutted down,
    Gleams.

Sussex with wild daffodils
  Is not so dear to me:
All the cowslip-haunted hills,
All the bluebell-bordered rills,
And orchids round the high windmills
  And down the marshy lea —
One primrose from my Kentish home
  Is worth all these to me.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYONNESSE

When I set out for Lyonnesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonnesse
A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonnesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonnesse
While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonnesse
With magic in my eyes,
All marked with mute surmise
My radiance rare and fathomless,
When I came back from Lyonnesse
With magic in my eyes!

THOMAS HARDY

SUNK LYONESSE

In sea-cold Lyonesse,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats,
And with motionless eyes at gaze
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

And the ocean water stirs
In salt-worn casemate and porch.
Plies the blunt-snouted fish
With fire in his skull for torch.
And the ringing wires resound;
And the unearthly lovely weep,
In lament of the music they make
In the sullen courts of sleep:

Whose marble flowers bloom for aye:
And — lapped by the moon-guiled tide —
Mock their carver with heart of stone,
Caged in his stone-ribbed side.

WALTER DE LA MARE

CORNISH WIND

THERE is a wind in Cornwall that I know
From any other wind, because it smells
Of the warm honey breath of heather-bells
And of the sea's salt; and these meet and flow
With such sweet savour in such sharpness met
That the astonished sense in ecstasy
Tastes the ripe earth and the unvintaged sea.
Wind out of Cornwall, wind, if I forget:
Not in the tunnelled streets where scarce men breathe
The air they live by, but whatever seas
Blossom in foam, wherever merchant bees
Volubly traffic upon any heath:
If I forget, shame me! or if I find
A wind in England like my Cornish wind.

ARTHUR SYMONS

MOLLY TREFUSIS

"Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you, —
My dear little Molly Trefusis!"

So he wrote, the old bard of an "old Magazine":
As a study it not without use is,
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,
This same "little Molly Trefusis!"

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the "Tre";
Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is
If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea
Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.

And she lived in the era of patches and bows,
Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is;
For they needed (I trust) but her natural rose,
The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit
That the evidence hard to produce is)
With Bath in its hey-day of Fashion and Wit, —
This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot,
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is!)
All blooming in laces, fal-lals, and what not,
At the Pump Room, — Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning, — a Beauty, — a Toast, —
Where Bladud's medicinal cruse is;

And we know that at least of one Bard it could boast,—
The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was "Venus." I doubt it. Beside,
(Your rhymer so hopelessly loose is!)
His "little" could scarce be to Venus applied,
If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

No, no. It was HEBE he had in his mind;
And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,
And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled — you'll find —
Was certainly Molly Trefusis!

Then he calls her "a MUSE." To the charge I reply
That we all of us know what a Muse is;
It is something too awful, — too acid, — too dry, —
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But "a Grace." There I grant he was probably right;
(The rest but a verse-making ruse is;)
It was all that was graceful, — intangible, — light, —
The beauty of Molly Trefusis!

Was she wooed? Who can hesitate much about that
Assuredly more than obtuse is;
For how could the poet have written so pat
"*My* dear little Molly Trefusis!"

And was wed? That I think we must plainly infer,
Since of suitors the common excuse is
To take to them Wives. So it happened to her,
Of course, — "little Molly Trefusis!"

To the Bard? 'Tis unlikely. Apollo, you see,
In practical matters a goose is; —
'Twas a Knight of the Shire, and a hunting J. P.,
Who carried off Molly Trefusis!

And you'll find, I conclude, in the "*Gentlemen's Mag.*,"
At the end, where the pick of the news is,
"*On the* (blank), *at 'the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Bragg,*
With a Fortune, Miss Molly Trefusis."

Thereupon . . . But no farther the student may pry,
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis;
So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,
From "dear little Molly Trefusis."

Austin Dobson

"IF I SHOULD EVER BY CHANCE"

If I should ever by chance grow rich
I'd buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises —
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on furze
Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,
Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater, —
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

Edward Thomas

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

Evening, like a gentle sister
Steals across the harbour, trimming
Her moon-lantern where the brimming
Seas and smouldering skies meet.

Gliding onward, trailing sweet
Lilac while her flitting feet
Skim the waves, the fields of wheat
On the cliff . . .

Now she is stooping
To the poppies gaily trooping
Like the red-capped little people . . .

Higher than the hills and steeple
To the dream-clouds she is heaping
Lilac, lilac, till the sleeping
Stars are wakened there and, peeping,
Creep out softly, like the day's end.

On the cliff path lovers wend
Laughing ways through Paradise . . .

By the moon's light in their eyes
Evening, like a gentle sister,
Knows they walk in Paradise.

Thomas Moult

COTSWOLD LOVE

Blue skies are over Cotswold
And April snows go by,
The lasses turn their ribbons
For April's in the sky,
And April is the season
When Sabbath girls are dressed,
From Rodboro' to Campden,
In all their silken best.

An ankle is a marvel
When first the buds are brown,
And not a lass but knows it
From Stow to Gloucester town.
And not a girl goes walking
Along the Cotswold lanes
But knows men's eyes in April
Are quicker than their brains.

It's little that it matters,
So long as you're alive,
If you're eighteen in April,
Or rising sixty-five,
When April comes to Amberley
With skies of April blue,
And Cotswold girls are briding
With slyly tilted shoe.

John Drinkwater

GODIVA

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, 'If we pay, we starve!'
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*' — 'But I would die,' said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear:
'O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!' — 'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, 'Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it'; and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud. Anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower, whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WOODLEY

SWEET WOODLEY! oh! how fresh an' gay
Thy leänes an' vields be now in Maÿ,
The while the broad-leav'd clotes do zwim
In brooks wi' gil'cups at the brim;
An' yollow cowslip-beds do grow
By thorns in blooth so white as snow;
An' win' do come vrom copse wi' smells
O' grægles wi' their hangèn bells!

Though time do dreve me on, my mind
Do turn in love to thee behind,
The seäme's a bulrush that's a-shook
By wind a-blowèn up the brook:

The curlèn stream would dreve en down,
But plaÿsome aïr do turn en roun',
An' meäke en seem to bend wi' love
To zunny hollows up above.

Thy tower still do overlook
The woody knaps an' windèn brook,
An' leäne's wi' here an' there a hatch,
An' house wi' elem-sheäded thatch,
An' vields where chaps do vur outdo
The Zunday sky, wi' cwoats o' blue;
An' maïdens' frocks do vur surpass
The whitest deäsies in the grass.

What peals to-day from thy wold tow'r
Do strike upon the zummer flow'r,
As all the club, wi' dousty lags,
Do walk wi' poles an' flappèn flags,
An' wind, to music, roun' between
A zwarm o' vo'k upon the green!
Though time do dreve me on, my mind
Do turn wi' love to thee behind.

WILLIAM BARNES

A DAY IN SUSSEX

THE dove did lend me wings. I fled away
From the loud world which long had troubled me.
Oh lightly did I flee when hoyden May
Threw her wild mantle on the hawthorn tree.
I left the dusty high road, and my way
Was through deep meadows, shut with copses fair.

A choir of thrushes poured its roundelay
From every hedge and every thicket there.
Mild, moon-faced kine looked on, where in the grass
All heaped with flowers I lay, from noon till eve.
And hares unwitting close to me did pass,
And still the birds sang, and I could not grieve.
Oh what a blessed thing that evening was!
Peace, music, twilight, all that could deceive
A soul to joy or lull a heart to peace.
It glimmers yet across whole years like these.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,

They stiffly plough the field,
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC

ENGLISH HILLS

O THAT I were
Where breaks the pure cold light
On English hills,
And peewits rising cry,
And gray is all the sky.

Or at evening there
When the faint slow light stays,
And far below
Sleeps the last lingering sound,
And night leans all round.

O then, O there
'Tis English haunted ground.
The diligent stars
Creep out, watch, and smile;
The wise moon lingers awhile.

For surely there
Heroic shapes are moving,
Visible thoughts,
Passions, things divine,
Clear beneath clear star-shine.

O that I were
Again on English hills,
Seeing between
Laborious villages
Her cool dark loveliness.

JOHN FREEMAN

SUNRISE ON RYDAL WATER

COME down at dawn from windless hills
Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
The hour, and mist and water make
With rocks and reeds and island boughs
One silence and one element,
Where wonder goes surely as once
It went
By Galilean prows.

Moveless the water and the mist,
Moveless the secret air above,

Hushed, as upon some happy tryst
The poised expectancy of love;
What spirit is it that adores
What mighty presence yet unseen?
What consummation works apace
Between
These rapt enchanted shores?

Never did virgin beauty wake
Devouter to the bridal feast
Than moves this hour upon the lake
In adoration to the east;
Here is the bride a god may know,
The primal will, the young consent,
Till surely upon the appointed mood
Intent
The god shall leap — and, lo,

Over the lake's end strikes the sun,
White, flameless fire; some purity
Thrilling the mist, a splendour won
Out of the world's heart. Let there be
Thoughts, and atonements, and desires,
Proud limbs, and undeliberate tongue,
Where now we move with mortal oars
Among
Immortal dews and fires.

So the old mating goes apace,
Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,
Lover with lover; and the grace
Of understanding comes unsought

When stars into the twilight steer,
Or thrushes build among the may,
Or wonder moves between the hills,
And day
Comes up on Rydal mere.

JOHN DRINKWATER

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous Forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing, even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on, —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,

Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long

A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

OAK AND OLIVE

I

THOUGH I was born a Londoner,
And bred in Gloucestershire,
I walked in Hellas years ago
With friends in white attire:
And I remember how my soul
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross
I can forget to hear
The crash of all those smoking wheels,
When those cold flutes and clear
Pipe with such fury down the street,
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury
No more I dare to tread,
For all the stone men shout at me
And swear they are not dead;
And once I touched a broken girl
And knew that marble bled.

II

But when I walk in Athens town
That swims in dust and sun
Perverse, I think of London then
Where massive work is done,
And with what sweep at Westminster
The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed
There grew an English tree,
How Byron like his heroes fell,
Fighting a country free,
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan
Back to his pipes and power,
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
And searching hour on hour
Found out old gardens, where the wise
May pluck a Spartan flower.

III

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
My friends are deaf and blind:
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
The Mænads leap behind,
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan
Through Cranham's sober trees?

Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
And naked as the breeze?

IV

But when I lie in Grecian fields,
Smothered in asphodel,
Or climb the blue and barren hills,
Or sing in woods that smell
With such hot spices of the South
As mariners might sell —

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,
To lands of glittering rain,
To fields beneath low-clouded skies
New-widowed of their grain,
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold
That strew a Gloucester lane.

Oh well I know sweet Hellas now,
And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out —
But ah, for home again!
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,
One of the Englishmen!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the channel as we drummed them
long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago!

Sir Henry Newbolt

A DEVONSHIRE LANE

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,

Thinks I to myself I have hit on a strain,
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide, —
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, — 'tis an inference plain, —
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way!
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

JOHN MARRIOT

THE DEVON SAGE

ZACH'RY lad! Venture does et,
'Tes no gude to set an' muzz et!
'Tidn' for yu to play at homin',
All yure vathers went a-roamin';
Vish be plenty, sea be wide,
Never know, ontil yu've tried.
Soon as ever day be litten,
There's yure motto, bright and written!
Sail, no matter what the tide!

Hold on vast an' grip yure saddle,
Givin' up's all viddle vaddle!
'Ave no truck nor trade with cantin',
Gallivantin', puzzivantin'!
Take an' *du!* If one don't pay
Get yu roun' the t'other way.
Kape yure lip as stiff as leather,
Kape yure 'eart so light's a veather!
Never snivel, work or play!

Ef yu're beaten, never know et,
'Tesn' policy to show et.
Wheel spins roun', yure turn's a-comin',
Kape yure 'ead up, kape on hummin'!

Go it till yu're black an' blue,
Never cut it till yu're thru'.
Step et double ef yu valter;
Yu've a-got to break yure halter
When they comes to hangin' yu.

Trouble shakes yu, hold on vaster,
Never spell the word dizaster.
Take yure rain an' take yure sunnin',
Kape yure mouth shut when yu're runnin';
Talk's but talk, an' done 'tes done;
Braggart's not *yure* mother's son.
'Unter, varmer, vighter, rover,
Slape yure slape when all es over —
Life an' Death 'tes nowt but one!

JOHN GALSWORTHY

LYNMOUTH

I HAVE brought her I love to this sweet place,
Far away from the world of men and strife
That I may talk to her a charmèd space,
And make a long rich memory in my life.

Around my love and me the brooding hills,
Full of delicious murmurs, rise on high,
Closing upon this spot the summer fills,
And over which there rules the summer sky.

Behind us on the shore down there the sea
Roars roughly, like a fierce pursuing hound;
But all this hour is calm for her and me;
And now another hill shuts out the sound.

And now we breathe the odours of the glen,
And round about us are enchanted things;
The bird that hath blithe speech unknown to men,
The river keen, that hath a voice and sings.

The tree that dwells with one ecstatic thought,
Wider and fairer growing year by year,
The flower that flowereth and knoweth nought,
The bee that scents the flower and draweth near.

Our path is here; the rocky winding ledge
That sheer o'erhangs the rapid shouting stream
Now dips down smoothly to the quiet edge,
Where restful waters lie as in a dream.

The green exuberant branches overhead
Sport with the golden magic of the sun,
Here quite shut out, here like rare jewels shed
To fright the glittering lizards as they run.

And wonderful are all those mossy floors
Spread out beneath us in some pathless place,
Where the sun only reaches and outpours
His smile, where never a foot hath left a trace.

And there are perfect nooks that have been made
By the long-growing tree, through some chance turn
Its trunk took; since transformed with scent and shade,
And filled with all the glory of the fern.

And tender-tinted wood flowers are seen,
Clear starry blooms and bells of pensive blue,

That lead their delicate lives there in the green —
What were the world if it should lose their hue?

Even o'er the rough out-jutting stone that blocks
The narrow way, some cunning hand hath strewn
The moss in rich adornment, and the rocks
Down there seem written thick with many a rune.

And here, upon that stone, we rest awhile,
For we can see the lovely river's fall,
And wild and sweet the place is to beguile
My love, and keep her till I tell her all.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

A SONG OF EXMOOR

THE Forest above and the Combe below,
On a bright September morn!
He's the soul of a clod who thanks not God
That ever his body was born!
So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away!
Halloo! Halloo! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away!
Halloo! Halloo! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

Hark to the tufters' challenge true,
'Tis a note that the red-deer knows!

His courage awakes, his covert he breaks,
And up for the moor he goes!
He's all his rights and seven on top,
His eye's the eye of a king,
And he'll beggar the pride of some that ride
Before he leaves the ling!

Here comes Antony bringing the pack,
Steady! he's laying them on!
By the sound of their chime you may tell that it's time
To harden your heart and be gone.
Nightacott, Narracott, Hunnacott's passed,
Right for the North they race:
He's leading them straight for Blackmoor Gate
And he's setting a pounding pace!

We're running him now on a breast-high scent,
But he leaves us standing still;
When we swing round by Westland Pound
He's far up Challacombe Hill.
The pack are a string of struggling ants,
The quarry's a dancing midge,
They're trying their reins on the edge of the Chains
While he's on Cheriton Ridge.

He's gone by Kittuck and Lucott Moor,
He's gone by Woodcock's Ley;
By the little white town he's turned him down,
And he's soiling in open sea.
So hurry along, we'll both be in,
The crowd are a parish away!
We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

So hurry along, we'll both be in,
The crowd are a parish away!
We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

A SAXON SONG

TOOLS with the comely names,
Mattock and scythe and spade,
Couth and bitter as flames,
Clean, and bowed in the blade, —
A man and his tools make a man and his trade.

Breadth of the English shires,
Hummock and kame and mead,
Tang of the reeking byres,
Land of the English breed, —
A man and his land make a man and his creed.

Leisurely flocks and herds,
Cool-eyed cattle that come
Mildly to wonted words,
Swine that in orchards roam, —
A man and his beasts make a man and his home.

Children sturdy and flaxen
Shouting in brotherly strife,
Like the land they are Saxon,
Sons of a man and his wife, —
For a man and his loves make a man and his life.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

ARRACOMBE WOOD

Some said, because he wud'n spaik
Any words to women but Yes and No,
Nor put out his hand for Parson to shake
He mun be bird-witted. But I do go
By the lie of the barley that he did sow,
And I wish no better thing than to hold a rake
Like Dave, in his time, or to see him mow.

Put up in churchyard a month ago,
"A bitter old soul," they said, but it wadn't so.
His heart were in Arracombe Wood where he'd used to go
To sit and talk wi' his shadder till sun went low,
Though what it was all about us'll never know.
And there baint no mem'ry in the place
Of th' old man's footmark, nor his face;
Arracombe Wood do think more of a crow —
'Will be violets there in the Spring: in Summer time the spider's lace;
And come the Fall, the whizzle and race
Of the dry, dead leaves when the wind gies chase;
And on the Eve of Christmas, fallin' snow.

Charlotte Mew

THE WHITE CLIFFS

Woden made the red cliffs, the red walls of England.
Round the South of Devonshire, they burn against the blue.
Green is the water there; and, clear as liquid sunlight,
Blue-green as mackerel, the bays that Raleigh knew.

Thor made the black cliffs, the battlements of England,
Climbing to Tintagel where the white gulls wheel.
Cold are the caverns there, and sullen as a cannon-mouth,
Booming back the grey swell that gleams like steel.

Balder made the white cliffs, the white shield of England
(Crowned with thyme and violet where Sussex wheat-ears fly),
White as the White Ensign are the bouldered heights of Dover,
Beautiful the scutcheon that they bare against the sky.

So the world shall sing of them — the white cliffs of England,
White, the glory of her sails, the banner of her pride.
One and all, — their seamen met and broke the dread Armada.
Only white may show the world the shield for which they died.

ALFRED NOYES

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

Written in October, 1852. The Warden was the Duke of Wellington, who died September 13th, of the same year

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room;
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England: —
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England —
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
  England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
  England, my own!
You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
  Were the Song on your bugles blown,
    England,
  Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
  England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
  England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
  In the Song on your bugles blown,
    England —
  Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

NAMES

FROM Somerset and Devon,
  From Kent and Lincolnshire,
The younger sons came sailing
  With hearts of steel and fire.

From leafy lane and valley,
  Fair glebe and ancient wood,

The counties of old England
Poured forth their warmest blood.

Out of the gray-walled cities,
Away from the castled towns,
Corners of thatch and roses,
Heathery combes and downs,

With neither crown nor penny,
But an iron will they came,
Heirs of an old tradition
And a good old English name.

A brooding silence met them
On a nameless, savage shore;
But they called the wild — "New England,"
For the sake of the blood they bore.

"*Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol,*
Boston, Windsor, Wells."
Beloved names of England
Rang in their hearts like bells.

They named their rocky farmlands,
Their hamlets by the sea,
For the mother-towns that bred them
In racial loyalty.

"*Cambridge, Hartford, Gloucester,*
Hampton, Norwich, Stowe."
The younger sons looked backward
And sealed their sonship so.

The old blood thrills in answer,
As centuries go by,
To names that meant a challenge,
A signal, or a sigh.

Now over friendly waters
The old towns, each to each,
Call with the kinship in a name;
One race, one truth, one speech.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

THE ROBBER IN ENGLAND

I AM a robber from over the seas;
I have come stealing things like these:
The slant of the hills toward Parracombe Town,
The look of the sea from Porlock down,
The patchwork of fields with hedges between
Dividing the new-ploughed red from green
Like a magical quilt-stitch set to bind
Fields upon hills around and behind.
I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches
Where villages doze among the green patches,
Where each little house as the road winds around
Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,
For almost as natural as trees are they
With the dull brown thatch above the stone's old gray,
Or ancient plaster firm and mellow
In quiet tones of cream or yellow.
When I go home I shall carry away
Deep-drawn fragrance of Devon hay,
The teasing turn of a path like a dream
And the soothing flavor of Devonshire cream,

The fiery glance of poppies in corn,
The blesséd light on a holy book
Through colored windows reverently borne
While overhead the sweet bells shook
For somebody married, somebody dead,
Or another hour of the ages sped.
Into my treasury I shall thrust
Heather-plunder or bracken-rust,
Thorn of holly and ivy-bud
And songs of all the singing brood,
With English voices cheery and sweet
And the patient look of English feet
Clumsily shod and moving slow
Wherever the paths of the good land go,
Or on streets of London that twist and wind
Like the whimsical humor of the English mind.
These and the angels weeping stone tears
In Westminster Abbey forever and ever,
And the knights that sound the hours with spears
In Wells Cathedral prompt and clever,
The combs the Romans used at Bath,
The Cheshire Cheese where Johnson made merry,
The Bloody Tower with its scenes of wrath
And the old Cathedral of Canterbury, —
These I have stolen, stolen away
To make them mine till my dying day;
And neither the King in Buckingham Palace
Nor the gracious Queen with her crown of gold
Will take them from me, for all without malice
What I have taken I mean to hold.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

IRELAND

RED HANRAHAN'S SONG ABOUT IRELAND

The old brown thorn trees break in two high over Cummen Strand,
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand;
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies,
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarea,
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Mæve can say.
Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat;
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
Is Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

William Butler Yeats

IRELAND

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,

That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

SAINT PATRICK

WANDERED from the Antrim hills,
Wandered from Killala's rills,
Patrick heard upon the breeze
Voices from the Irish seas.
Folk of Fochlad called to him
From their forest deep and dim;
And in vision little hands
Beckoned from the Irish lands,

Where the western billows spoke
With the Druid groves of oak.
Evermore their cry did seem
Calling, calling, through his dream:
"Hasten with the flower of truth,
Walk among us, holy youth."

When he spread his dauntless sail
To the gladness of the gale,
Glowering demons, mile on mile,
Stood in league around the Isle,
Laughing out their crackling rage,
At the young, unfearing sage.
There with lifted cross he came,
Breathing low the Sacred Name,
And the demons, form by form,
Fled in fury down the storm.
Over the Isle his spirit went
Like fire across the firmament.
Kings at Tara caught the word,
Churl and kern and chieftain heard.
Lo, the Druid's mystic rod
Fell down withered before God!

With the frost he kindled fire;
Drove the snakes from brake and briar,
Hurling out the writhing brood
With the lightning of his rood.
Once he stooped, and with his hand
Traced a cross upon the sand;
Then a wonder — from the ground
Sprang a stream with silver sound;

And a blind man kneeling there
Laved his eyelids, whispering prayer.
Then on his relighted eyes
Rushed the splendor of the skies —
Flashed the water's glancing bubble —
Gleamed the gold across the stubble —
Shined the roads that have no ends —
Smiled the faces of old friends.

And when Patrick fell on sleep,
Twelve the days were, still and deep —
Twelve the days, with never a night,
Never a cloud across the light.
Angels chanted out the hours
Leaning from their sky-hung towers;
Like a garden blown to bloom
Was the sweetness round his tomb. . . .

Fable, legend, all are true:
More than these did Patrick do!
For he cleared the serpent den,
Hiding in the hearts of men;
Letting Love's bright fountain spring
Into sweetest murmuring.
Yes, the wise, heroic breed
Bring us miracle indeed.
On the dark he left God's smile,
Lighting up Ierne's Isle;
And forever lives his name
As the rose upon her fame.

EDWIN MARKHAM

CLONARD

By lost Clonard the river meads still hold
Forgotten dreams, white memories pure as dew,
Of fragrant days when scholars wandered through
The marshy grass, and hearts had not grown old;
Beneath her purple hills a saint once told
A starry tale, a story strange and new
Brought from the dawn-lands — and all Eiré drew
Around his moat to hear the words of gold.

There stands no cross, or tower, or ancient wall
Mellow with simple peace men used to know,
And from the fields no courtly town has sprung:
Only along green banks the blackbirds call,
Just as they did a thousand years ago
In morning meadows when the world was young.

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

STANZAS FROM "SHAMROCK SONG"

O, the red rose may be fair,
And the lily statelier;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the very heart of me!

Many a lover hath the rose
When June's musk-wind breathes and blows:
And in many a bower is heard
Her sweet praise from bee and bird.

But when summer died last year
Rose and lily died with her;

Shamrock stayeth every day,
Be the winds or gold or grey.

Irish hills, as grey as the dove,
Know the little plant I love;
Warm and fair it mantles them
Stretching down from throat to hem.

And it laughs o'er many a vale,
Sheltered safe from storm and gale;
Sky and sun and stars thereof
Love the gentle plant I love.

Soft it clothes the ruined floor
Of many an abbey, grey and hoar,
And the still home of the dead
With its green is carpeted.

O, the red rose shineth rare,
And the lily saintly fair;
But my shamrock, one in three,
Takes the inmost heart of me!

KATHARINE TYNAN

QUEENSTOWN HARBOUR

To Queenstown harbour come great ocean ships
Decked out with flags which the strong sea-wind whips
To prim rigidity, while sea-gulls scream
About the vessel's wake, and puffs of steam
Break from the whistle, as the tender draws away
A throng of passengers: some back to stay

The summer months at home in Kerry, Clare,
Or Cork; others with lordly tourist air
Seek what they've read about — where tourists go:
Killarney; Blarney; Avoca's Vale, Wicklow;
Dublin; Belfast. But they will never see
The vision of great Erin's mystery —
Which even now is hidden in that cloud
Creeping round yonder mountain like a shroud, —
Hear Ireland's wail within the sea-bird's cry.
It is a lovely summer night, and I
Stand looking from the carriage window; the train
Starts slowly; lights twinkle through the air which rain
Has made the softer, and the hills are changed
To purple, then to black; they seem arranged
By some great child who moulds a map in play.
Darkly the waters glisten; we glide away;
The picture passes, and I settle down.
Two hours more, — and then loved Mallow town!

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

CROCKNAHARNA

ON the heights of Crocknaharna,
(Oh, the lure of Crocknaharna)
On a morning fair and early
Of a dear remembered May,
There I heard a colleen singing
In the brown rocks and the grey.
She, the pearl of Crocknaharna,
Crocknaharna, Crocknaharna,
Wild with girls is Crocknaharna
Twenty hundred miles away.

On the heights of Crocknaharna,
(Oh, thy sorrow Crocknaharna)
On an evening dim and misty
Of a cold November day,
There I heard a woman weeping
In the brown rocks and the grey.
Oh, the pearl of Crocknaharna
(Crocknaharna, Crocknaharna),
Black with grief is Crocknaharna
Twenty hundred miles away.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

APRIL IN IRELAND

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge:
The golden looms of Tir na n' Og wove all the winter through
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after,
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.
She shakes down on her flowers the snows less white than they,
Then quicken with her kisses the folded "knots o' May."

She seeks the summer-lover that never shall be hers,
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
Though buried gold it hideth: she scorns her sedgy crown,
And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years —
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge:
She hath a woven garland of all the sighing sedge.

Nora Hopper

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Cork. Saint Anne's Church

With deep affection
And recollection

I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their mystic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee, —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Toiling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongue would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican, —
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and Kiosko
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me, —
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on

The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.
FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS MAHONEY)

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ

BEAR the love of my heart to my land far away,
And the fair hills of Eiré O,
And to all of Eivir's race that in her valleys stay,
And the fair hills of Eiré O.
That land of mine beloved, where the brown thrush's song
Fills hazel glen and ivied close the Summer twilight long;
Oh, how woeful swells his music for the downfall of the Strong,
On the fair hills of Eiré O!

'Tis my lone soul's long sorrow that I must still be far
From the fair hills of Eiré O,
Nor watch a maiden coming as through the mist a star,
On the fair hills of Eiré O.
Oh, the honey in her tree-tops where her oak-woods darkly grow
And the freshness of her cresses where her clear well-waters flow,
And the lushness of her meadows where her soft-eyed cattle low,
On the fair hills of Eiré O.

PADRAIC COLUM

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it, and many a horse and cart;

But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

IN REMEMBRANCE OF CORK

I'd live again those summer days
I took the train from Mallow town
To crowded Cork — the busy quays,
And Father Mathew looking down
Across the bridge where hurrying cars
Will clatter by, and sway and swerve,
While trams, with noise of jolts and jars,
Come clanging round the sudden curve
To Patrick Street.
I often shopped
Along that broad and pleasant row
Of buildings: here I stopped
To buy a book writ long ago

By some dead bard of Celtic song,
Or scholar from the "Scholars' Isle";
But even now the time is long
When last I walked that happy mile.

Yet still there comes before my eyes
The sight of streets I have not seen
Since under brilliant Flemish skies
A thousand Irish swords have been
Unsheathed at sound of Freedom's name,
When, for a tale of Belgium's woe,
The hardy Irish soldiers came
To fight as centuries ago.

And still I hear the city bells
Peal sweetly on the evening air,
And see once more the Irish dells,
Where late lay autumn everywhere —
The autumn of another land
Widespread beyond the western sea —
Then, by the grace of Memory's wand,
I'm safe beside my lovely Lee!

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

SONG OF BALLYSHANNON

TAKE me home to Ballyshannon, for there's music in the word;
The name o' Ballyshannon is the sweetest ever heard!
The little hills are lying fair and green behind the town,
And the skies of Ballyshannon, why, they're never known to frown.

Take me back and let me hearken to the plaintive Irish wind;
Take me back to Ballyshannon, where the neighbors' hearts are kind.

I will wander in the moonlight out upon the ragged moor,
With the flaming gorse and heather, -- I'll not find it mean or poor.
In the glen with lads a-dancing, I will pass the night away;
For the nights in Ballyshannon, they are sweeter than the day.
Take me back to Ballyshannon, there's a voice that calls to me;
For my heart's in Ballyshannon on the other side the sea.

The bells o' Ballyshannon, I hear them on the wind,
And every care and sorrow my heart leaves far behind;
I can live and thrive a season upon an alien shore,
But I'm wanting Ballyshannon forever all the more;
And when light o' life has left me and I'm like an empty byre,
Lay my bones in Ballyshannon, take me back to heart's desire,
Where I'll hear the bells a-ringing, folded arms beneath the sod,
For the bells of Ballyshannon, they will ring me home to God.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

BLARNEY CASTLE

O, DID you ne'er hear of "the Blarney"
That's found near the banks of Killarney?

Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her;
And never finds out
All the tricks you're about
Till she's quite gone herself — with your Blarney.

O say, would you find this same "Blarney"?
There's a castle, not far from Killarney,
On the top of its wall
(But take care you don't fall)
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney.

Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches;
If you kiss it, they say,
From that blessed day
You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

SAMUEL LOVER

GRAFTON STREET

DUBLIN

AT four o'clock in dainty talk,
Lords and lovely ladies walk,
With a gentle dignity,
From the Green to Trinity.

And at five o'clock they take,
In a Café, tea and cake,

Then they call a carriage, and
Drive back into fairyland.

JAMES STEPHENS

O'CONNELL BRIDGE

IN Dublin town the people see
Gorgeous clouds sail gorgeously,
They are finer, I declare,
Than the clouds of anywhere.

A swirl of blue and red and green,
A stream of blinding gold, a sheen
From silver hill and pearly ridge
Comes each evening on the bridge.

So when you walk in a field look down
Lest you tramp on a daisy's crown,
But in a city look always high
And watch the beautiful clouds go by.

JAMES STEPHENS

THE FIELDS O' BALLYCLARE

I'VE known the Spring in England —
  And, oh, 'tis pleasant there
When all the buds are breaking
  And all the land is fair!
But all the time the heart of me,
The better, sweeter part of me,
  Was sobbin' for the robin
  In the fields o' Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England —
And, oh, 'tis England's fair!
With Springtime in her beauty,
A queen beyond compare!
But all the while the soul of me,
Beyond the poor control of me,
Was sighin' to be flyin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England —
And now I know it here;
This many a month I've longed for
The openin' of the year.
But, ah, the Irish mind of me
(I hope 'tis not unkind of me)
Is turnin' back with yearnin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

THE WELL OF ALL-HEALING

THERE'S a cure for sorrow in the well at Ballylee
Where the scarlet cressets hang over the trembling pool:
And joyful winds are blowing from the Land of Youth to me,
And the heart of the earth is full.

Many and many a sunbright maiden saw the enchanted land
With star faces glimmer up from the druid wave:
Many and many a pain of love was soothed by a faery hand
Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall wed the earth,
And the scarlet berries burn dark by the stars in the pool;
Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be amid the Danaan mirth,
While the heart of the earth is full.

A. E. (George William Russell)

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

William Butler Yeats

SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish glynns
Down among the wheatfields — up amid the whins,
The little white-walled villages crowding close together,
Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather:
Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle,
Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,
Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cozy little villages that shelter from the mist,
Where the great West Walls by ocean spray are kissed;
The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun
When blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done.
Corrymeela, Croaghnakeela, Clogher, Cahirciveen,
Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coosheen,
Castlefinn, Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane,
Carrigaholt, Carrigaline, Cloghjordan and Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fires at night,
Old Sanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts affright;
The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Banshee's cry,
And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies sigh,
Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,
Kilmoganny, Kiltanagh, Kilronan and Kilrea,
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black sea go,
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
Leave the little villages, but think not to forget,
Afar they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms yet.

Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne,
Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and Mooncoin,
Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and Slane,
Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

On the Southern Llanos, — north where strange light
gleams,
Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams;
Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and care),
"Lo, the little villages, God has heard our prayer."
Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,
Portglenone, Portarlington, Portumna, Portmagee,
Clondalkin and Clongowan, Cloondara and Clonae,
God bless the little villages and guard them night and
day!

JAMES B. DOLLARD

IRISH PEASANT SONG

IN LEINSTER

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-sodden earth, the earth-coloured streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,
And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;

But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THE FAIRIES

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;

Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

THE FAIRY LOUGH

LOUGHAREEMA! LOUGHAREEMA
Lies so high among the heather;
A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black and deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' sea-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema;
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' *airy*,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick an' even;
A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema! Loughareema!
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin':
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flitterin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,
An' no one there to see.

MOIRA O'NEILL

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, TO have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house, nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house — a house of my own —
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

PADRAIC COLUM

IRISH SONG

Where the highway steps along
(In Donegal, in Donegal!)
I gave my feet the choice o' way, wherever they would roam.
They might have marched to Londonderry, Belfast, Dublin. . . .
The foolish, eager feet o' me, they marched straight home!

A little gown o' blue you wore
(In Donegal, in Donegal!)
Cried out to me, *Come in! Come in!* Your apron it said *Stay!*
The tying o' the plaid shawl across the warm heart o' you
Tied in — along the heart o' me — I couldn't get away.

I took off my wander shoes
(In Donegal, in Donegal!)
The highway stepped along alone, until it slipped from view.
I laid aside my dusty dreams, hung up my ragged lifetime,
And rested feet and heart o' me before the sight o' you!

Helen Coale Crew

THE KERRY LADS

My eyes were all too wary,
  My heart was none too gay
Until the lads from Kerry
  Came tramping through this way
And lodged about the village
  And helped us with the hay.

The lads that come from Kerry
Are not like lads at home;
They show you where the fairie
Dance circles on the loam
And tell old tales and sing old songs
That lift your heart like foam.

The lads that come from Kerry
They never stay for long;
But oh, their mouths are merry!
And oh, their arms are strong!
And what's a careless kiss or so
To one remembered song?

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE KERRY COW

IT'S in Connacht or in Munster that yourself might travel wide,
And be asking all the herds you'd meet along the countryside,
But you'd never meet a one could show the likes of her till now,
Where she's grazing in a Leinster field — my little Kerry cow.

If herself went to the cattle fairs she'd put all cows to shame,
For the finest poets of the land would meet to sing her fame;
And the young girls would be asking leave to stroke her satin coat;
They'd be praising and caressing her, and calling her a dote.

If the King of Spain gets news of her he'll fill his purse
with gold,
And set sail to ask the English King where she is to be
sold.
But the King of Spain may come to me, a crown upon his
brow.
It is he may keep his golden purse — and I my Kerry cow.

The priest maybe will tell her fame to the Holy Pope of
Rome,
And the Cardinals' College send for her to leave her Irish
home;
But it's heart-broke she would be itself to cross the Irish
sea,
'Twould be best they'd send a blessing to my Kerry cow
and me.

When the Ulster men hear tell of her, they'll come with
swords an' pikes,
For it's civil war there'll be no less if they should see her
likes,
And you'll read it in the paper of the bloody fight there's
been,
An' the Orangemen they're burying in fields of Leinster
green.

There are red cows that's contrary, and there's white
cows quare and wild,
But my Kerry cow is biddable, an' gentle as a child.
You may rare up kings and heroes on the lovely milk she
yields,
For she's fit to foster generals to fight our battlefields.

In the histories they'll be making they've a
right to put her name
With the horse of Troy and Oisin's hounds
and other beasts of fame.
And the painters will be painting her beneath
the hawthorn bough
Where she's grazing on the good green grass —
my little Kerry cow.

W. M. Letts

THE TRAVELLER

Now who's to know the trouble's in a promise
that is broken?
An' who's to say but clouds will gather on a
summer's day?
Och, what was in a girl's laugh or in a rough
word spoken,
That all the world between us was not far
enough away?

The years that I have wandered now are many
for the countin',
Yet, young or old, I never saw the place I'd
care to be,
Nor a wee town like Crolly at the foot o' Crogan
Mountain,
Where the rivers meet each other an' go laughin'
to the sea.

Och, sure now I was foolish when I left it heavy-
hearted;

But I would seek for money in the world both
up an' down;
An' if I have more, an' maybe less, than when I
started
I would not lave the Rosses now to win a
golden crown.

'Tis well enough to thravel an' to see them far-off
places
Though not a one's like Ireland when all is
done an' told;
But sure a man is better that can look on
friendly faces,
An' feel his own land under him when he'd be
growin' old.

I never felt in all the world as sweet a breeze
ablowin'
As lifted up the wathers o' the Foyle to flecks
o' foam;
I never saw the land could look as fair as In-
ishowen,
All gleamin' in the mornin' mist the day that
I came home.

Och, sure my heart was leapin' at the glory o' the
heather
Where my wee town was sittin' in a skelter o'
soft rain;
There's magic in the scent of it, an' in the
changin' weather,
An' not a bit o' me will go from Ireland again.

ELIZABETH SHANE

SCOTLAND

SCOTTISH EARTH

Gin I should fa' on foreign field,
Think ye na lang nor greet,
But bring twa clods frae dear Scotland
To hap my heid and feet,
  My dear,
To hap my heid and feet.

Oh, bring twa clods frae dear Scotland,
Abune the soondin' Clyde;
And I shall lie sae quate and still,
Ye'd think I aye would bide,
  My dear,
Ye'd think I aye would bide.

But set a thorn tree at my heid,
A brume buss at my feet;
And thorn's pure snaw and brume's clear gowd
Shall be my body's meat,
  My dear,
Shall be my body's meat.

And let the lark sing in the lift,
The mavis on the thorn;
And I shall crune, sae saft and laich,
The sang o' babe unborn,
  My dear,
The sang o' babe unborn.

Syne, lay a red rose on the turf
Athwart my mid breist bane;
And I shall feel the red tide rin,
And rise and walk again,
My dear,
And rise and gang my lane.

For, oh, sic virtue has Scotland,
Sae royal is her earth,
That they, wha Scotland truly lo'e,
Return in second birth,
My dear,
Return to Scottish earth.

JOHN SMELLIE MARTIN

BALLADE OF HIS OWN COUNTRY

To C. H. A.

LET them boast of Arabia, oppressed
By the odour of myrrh on the breeze;
In the isles of the east and the west
That are sweet with the cinnamon trees
Let the sandal-wood perfume the seas,
Give the roses to Rhodes and to Crete,
We are more than content, if you please,
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

Though Dan Virgil enjoyed himself best
With the scent of the limes, when the bees
Hummed low 'round the doves in their nest,
While the vintagers lay at their ease;
Had he sung in our northern degrees,
He'd have sought a securer retreat,

He'd have dwelt, where the heart of us flees,
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

Oh, the broom has a chivalrous crest
And the daffodil's fair on the leas,
And the soul of the southron might rest,
And be perfectly happy with these;
But *we*, that were nursed on the knees
Of the hills of the north, we would fleet
Where our hearts might their longing appease
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

ENVOY

Princess, the domain of our quest
It is far from the sounds of the street,
Where the Kingdom of Galloway's blest
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!

ANDREW LANG

MELROSE ABBEY

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,

And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE BANKS O' DOON

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' his love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine!
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS

BOAT SONG

"HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

"Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

"Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

"Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine!

O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

EDINBURGH

CITY of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
Gliding, a ghostly Queen, thro' a mist of tears?

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendour,
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea

Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an aeon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

ALFRED NOYES

THE CHAIN OF PRINCES STREET

"IF I were Queen of all the land,
To ask whate'er I might,
I'd wear the chain of Princes Street,
Of Princes Street at night.

"(Strung on a strand of silver wire
Between the earth and sky,
The golden lights of Princes Street
Will haunt me till I die.)

"I'd wear it on a purple gown,
With fur of twilight gray,
And set it swaying, shimmering,
At closing of the day.

"And as I went my way serene,
The people would bow down,
And say, 'There goes the bonny Queen
Of Edinburgh Town!'"

ELIZABETH S. FLEMING

EDINBURGH

The Lyric Baedeker

A BONNY burgh is Edinbro', the city brave and bright
That spreads in green and gray below the castle on the height;
And there on lovely Princes Street the people group in knots
To talk about the latest news of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The castle is a gallant keep and one you're bound to view;
A military pensioner will kindly take you through,
Rehearsing inexhaustibly the plots and counterplots
That made it insalubrious for Mary, Queen of Scots.

You'll see the ancient Canongate; you'll see the house of Knox,
With churches here and churches there, all strictly orthodox;
You'll see the works of colorists who lavished paint in pots
On old and recent likenesses of Mary, Queen of Scots.

And when amid the gorse and sheep you've climbed to Arthur's Seat
(Where Arthur, says the legend, watched his army in retreat),
Your eye shall rest on Holyrood and other noted spots,
Connected with the tragedy of Mary, Queen of Scots.

You'll see the marble statue of the Wizard of the North,
You'll see the cantilever bridge that spans the Firth of Forth —

A noble bridge, but when 'twas done the builders cursed
their lots
Because it wasn't patronized by Mary, Queen of Scots.

A blessing on the bonny burgh, and all it holds enshrined,
On every house of native rock, on every close and wynd,
And send it good historians to clear whatever blots
May rest upon the memory of Mary, Queen of Scots!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE LAIRD

JUST a wee bit man — five-four in his shoon —
Just a wee bit laird o' a wee bit toon,
Just a great big heart, an' a head that's soon' —
An' that is the Laird.

Just a wee bit hoose wi' a wee bit ha',
Just a wee bit byre wi' a wee bit sta',
Just a coo, a calf, an' a stirk or twa —
An' that is the Laird's.

Just a heather hill whaur the sunshine sleeps,
Just a park or twa an' a field o' neeps,
Just as muckle corn as a lassie reaps —
An' that is the Laird's.

Just a wee swine's crue, wi' a grumphy in't,
Just a wee kailyaird, wi' the dung no stint,
Just a patch o' thyme an o' peppermint —
A' that is the Laird's.

Just five score o' yowes wi' their lambs run wide,
Just a pair o' horse an' a shalt tae ride,
Just the sweetest wife in the kintra side —
A' that is the Laird's.

JEFFREY INGLIS

HEATHER

ALL my life long I had longed to see heather
In the land of my kinsmen far over the sea —
Now here is heather like a wide purple ocean
Rolling its tides toward me,

Dark, dipping waves of it, deeper than amethyst
When the gold day was begun —
Long, curving swells of it, dusky and lovely,
Here on the downs in the sun;

Or in a gray mist, sombre and wonderful,
Like a great twilight outspread
Far over earth that would meet with the heavens
Purple and wild overhead.

Now I am shaken by great storms of beauty
Wetting my eyelids with joy of my eyes;
Now is my soul like a wind-stricken sea bird
Troubling the deep with her cries!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL AT INVERSNEYDE UPON LOCH LOMOND

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!

Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode —
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!

And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind —
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!

Now thanks to heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?

I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;

And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS

"IN THE HIGHLANDS, IN THE COUNTRY PLACES"

IN the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;

And when even dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo! the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred.

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MO–LENNAV–A–CHREE

EILIDH, Eilidh, Eilidh, dear to me, dear and sweet,
In dreams I am hearing the sound of your little running feet —
The sound of your running feet that like the sea-hoofs beat
A music by day an' night, Eilidh, on the sands of my heart, my Sweet!

Eilidh, blue i' the eyes, flower-sweet as children are,
And white as the canna that blows with the hill-breast wind afar,
Whose is the light in thine eyes — the light of a star? — a star
That sitteth supreme where the starry lights of heaven a glory are!

Eilidh, Eilidh, Eilidh, put off your wee hands from the heart o' me,
It is pain they are making there, where no more pain should be:
For little running feet, an' wee white hands, an' croodlin' as of the sea,
Bring tears to my eyes, Eilidh, tears, tears, out of the heart o' me —
Mo-lennav-a-chree,
Mo-lennav-a-chree!

"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp)

SAINT COLUMBA

The murmuring tide foams slowly up the sands,
Behind a veil of gold lost Ireland lies,
And with the sunset in his yearning eyes
Alone on Colum-kill Columba stands;
He frees the white bird from his tender hands,
Beyond a changing violet sea it flies,
A streak of mist against the burnished skies
It vanishes in far green Western lands.

The tides still whisper through the waning light,
Wings still find rest along that wave-worn place,
But he will climb the cold gray rocks no more;
And yet ye know that from a fairer height
He watches across deeps of star-filled space
The well-loved outline of his Irish shore.

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

SONNET

Across the heaving ocean's billowy flow,
Lie paths of gold that deepen into red:
The west is bright: black storm-clouds overhead
Give a strange sweetness to the evening glow.
The swell of the Atlantic breaks below
With thunderous resonance: long lines of white
Tell where the iron coast beats back the might
Of stormy seas: — dark headlands fringed with snow —
From blue Loophead to Arran's sunken strand —
Deep gloomy precipice-encircled bays,
Sheer craggy islets, flats of whitened sand,
Are all scarce dimmed by veils of purpling haze:
While somewhere in the glory of the west
Lie the enchanted Islands of the Blest.

Edmond Holmes

"'THERE!' SAID A STRIPLING"

"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the One

That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SCOTCH ARRAN

OH, I would like to tread once more
The weedy strand of Arran's shore,
And I would like to set my feet
Down where the sand and heather meet.
And once again in rocky glen
I'd like to meet with faery men,
Chasing the white does through the mist.
But more than all, oh, I would list
A voice that called me by my name,
Shot through the air like holy flame.
Then I forgot the things that seem,
And wandered in a happy dream;
And saw a door that opened wide,
Set in the craggy mountain side;
And knew that joy for ever more
Was just the other side the door,
And I should walk with Aengus there,
And Etain of the yellow hair.

Oh, would that I could tread once more
That weedy strand, that heather shore.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

THE RAINS OF ARRAN

'TIS not the Arran sunshine
I'm loving best of all,

But the little rains of Arran
That suddenly do fall
From out the breast of heaven,
At morning and at eve,
To fill the thirsty veins of earth
And hush the winds that grieve:
With gentle pitter-patter,
The winds for ever more
To hush within the heather
That loves the Arran Shore.

I'd wandered far from mercy
And farther still from grace,
But I found a tongue for praying,
Arran's rains upon my face.
And in the dusk and coolness
Of Sannox' lonely Glen,
In the silver rain of Arran,
I found my soul again.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

FISHER JAMIE

PUIR Jamie's killed. A better lad
Ye wadna find to busk a flee
Or burn a püle or wield a gad
Frae Berwick to the Clints o' Dee.

And noo he's in a happier land. —
It's Gospel truith and Gospel law
That Heaven's yett maun open stand
To folk that for their country fa'.

But Jamie will be ill to mate;
  He lo'ed nae müsic, kenned nae tünes
Except the sang o' Tweed in spate,
  Or Talla loupin' ower its linns.

I sair misdoot that Jamie's heid
  A croun o' gowd will never please;
He liked a kep o' dacent tweed
  Whaur he could stick his casts o' flees.

If Heaven is a' that man can dream
  And a' that honest herts can wish,
It maun provide some muirland stream,
  For Jamie dreamed o' nocht but fish.

And weel I wot he'll up and speir
  In his bit blate and canty way,
Wi' kind Apostles standin' near
  Whae in their time were fishers tae.

He'll offer back his gowden croun
  And in its place a rod he'll seek,
And bashfu'-like his herp lay doun
  And speir a leister and a cleek.

For Jims had aye a poachin' whim;
  He'll sune grow tired, wi' lawfu' flee
Made frae the wings o' cherubim,
  O' castin' ower the Crystal Sea. . . .

I picter him at gloamin' tide
  Steekin' the backdoor o' his hame
And hastin' to the waterside
  To play again the auld, auld game;

And syne wi' saumon on his back
Catch't clean against the Heavenly law,
And Heavenly byliffs on his track,
Gaun linkin' doun some Heavenly shaw.

JOHN BUCHAN

STEPPING WESTWARD

While my fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Katrine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a hut where, in the course of our tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"

"WHAT, *you are stepping westward?*" — "*Yea.*"
'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:

The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice inwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ANTRIN THOCHTS

I BURY my face in the lang sweet gress
That springs frae the briest o' my native shire.
Oh, Scotland dear, can yer leal hairt guess
The love that burns like a lowin' fire?
To you, auld land, I wad sing yince mair,
My heid at rest on yer heather flure.

I trow me roond till I face the sky —
That land unkenn'd far abune me set;
An' I watch the cloods that gang rowin' by,
Till gloamin' draps through the wast-gaun yett.
An' I wunner sair if the warld to be
Will grup my hairt like this love for thee.

I've sent the ruits o' my Scottish hairt
To the laich-maist deeps o' yer shelterin' briest.
An' as shair as suns through the wast depairt,
An' God's mornin' breks in the bonnie east,
Of the burn that gangs singin' through the cauld,
To come hame in the mists o' the mornin' bauld.

Sae the thocht aye comes I've been here afore,
At life's auld schule, whaur I'm sweer to lairn.
I'm nae suner oot through the schule-hoose door,
Than I'm back yince mair, a wee greetin' bairn.
A lang-nebbed word maks it clear an' plain,
What a Scotsman ca's "steppin' yont" again.

We're roadmen thrang on life's bonnie broo,
An' yaird by yaird we gang nappin' on;
Let's straught oor backs, an' look roond us noo,
An' square life's edge by the Maister's throne.
For we'll ken nae Heaven but the auld gray glen.
Heaven breks ower earth when the Lord steps ben.

GILBERT RAE

WALES

THE VARIETY OF WALES

Oh, where with such variety
  Her charms doth nature pour,
Or beauties lavish as on thee,
  Thou world in miniature?
Now stern and frowning she appears,
Anon her smile most radiant wears.

Between the hills which upward soar
  Fair valleys lie afar,
Where wakes no wind, no torrents roar
  Our perfect peace to mar,
And many a mere to human eyes
Reflects the Peace of Paradise.

As ramparts high thy mountains rise
  Against the wind and rain,
To break the strength of wintry skies
  And rush of storms restrain.
And safe beneath them smiling spreads
The green expanse of fertile meads.

Though thou art little, dearest Wales,
  Though strait thy limits are,
Upon thy mountains and thy vales
  Are beauties rich and rare:
Thy bounds are narrowed, but to me
Sufficient thy variety.

William Thomas

Mother of holy fire! Mother of holy dew!
Thy children of the mist, the moor, the mountain side,
These change not from thine heart, these to thine heart
allied:
These, that rely on thee, as blossoms on the blue.
O passionate, dark faces, melancholy's hue!
O deep, gray eyes, so tragic with the fires they hide!
Sweet Mother, in whose light these live! thou dost abide,
Star of the West, pale to the world: these know thee true.

No alien hearts may know that magic, which acquaints
Thy soul with splendid passion, a great fire of dreams;
Thine heart with lovelier sorrow, than the wistful sea.
Voices of Celtic singers and of Celtic Saints
Live on the ancient air: their royal sunlight gleams
On moorland Merioneth and on sacred Dee.

Lionel Johnson

"OH, LITTLE COUNTRY OF MY HEART"

Wales

Oh, little country of my heart,
Lying so far beyond the sea,
Far from my land of birth apart,
And yet so near in thought to me!

Before I saw you with my eyes
My spirit knew your valleys fair,
Watered by turf-brown streams that rise
Upon your mountains wild and bare.

Your mountains beautiful and wild
  Where still the fairy people dwell,
While I was but a little child
  In mystic dreams I knew them well.

For of your race a banished part
  Pines like a prisoned bird in me,
Oh, little country of my heart,
  Lying so far beyond the sea!

MILDRED HOWELLS

THE WELSH SEA

FAR out across Carnarvon bay,
  Beneath the evening waves,
The ancient dead begin their day
  And stream among the graves.

Listen, for they of ghostly speech,
  Who died when Christ was born,
May dance upon the yellow beach
  That once was yellow corn.

And you may learn of Dyfed's reign,
  And dream Nemedian tales
Of Kings who sailed in ships from Spain
  And lent their swords to Wales.

Listen, for like a slow, green snake
  The Ocean twists and stirs,
And whispers how the dead men wake
  And call across the years.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing,
Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?
See you not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons, gaily streaming,
Flutter to the breeze?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech! on to glory,
See, your banner, famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
"Britain scorns to yield!"

'Mid the fray see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying,
All around the arrows, flying,
Scatter sudden death.
Frighten'd steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying,
With their parting breath.
See, they're in disorder!
Comrades, keep close order;
Ever they shall rue the day
They ventured o'er the Border.
Now the Saxon flies before us,
Vic'try's banner floateth o'er us,

Raise the loud exulting chorus,
"Britain wins the field!"

Traditional song

WELSH BALLAD

Before you sail, sweet sailor,
I'll whistle to the south,
And the sea-wind shall be softer
Than honey in the mouth.

The mountains shall stand closer,
To keep away the storm,
And the southern sun shall sweetheart
The wind, till it be warm.

With sun and wind, sweet sailor,
I served you from of old:
The wind shall wing your vessel,
The sun shall give it gold.

Ernest Rhys

THE SNOW ON EVIA

Cold is the snow on Snowdon's brow,
It makes the air so chill;
For cold, I trow, there is no snow
Like that of Snowdon's hill.

A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,
And wintry is his brow;

From Snowdon's hill the breezes chill
Can freeze the very snow.

Translated by George Borrow

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY

Clychan Aberdyfi

If to me as true thou art
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five
From the bells of Aberdovey.
Hear one, two, three, four, five, six,
Hear one, two, three, four, five and six!
From the bells of Aberdovey.
Glad's a lad his lass to wed,
When she's sighed, "I love ye!"
But to-day on air I tread
For Gwen of Aberdovey.
While the heart beats in my breast,
Cariad, I will love ye best,
By one, two, three, and all the rest
Of the bells of Aberdovey.

When I cross the sea once more,
Love comes knocking at my door,
Like one, two, three, four, five, six
Of the bells of Aberdovey;
One, two, three, four, five and six,
Like one, two, three, four, five and six,
Of the bells of Aberdovey.
Little loves and hopes shall fly
Round as in a covey;
When we're married, you and I,

At home in Aberdovey!
If to me as true thou art,
As I'm true to thee, sweetheart,
We'll hear one, two, three, four, five, six!
From the bells of Aberdovey.

A famous traditional song of Wales

FRANCE

THE LAND OF FRANCE

Sometimes at night before the fire I sit,
To ponder in that lonely hour of dream,
When o'er the hearth the ghosts of memory flit,
And dear dead faces in the embers gleam;
The days in multitudes beside me stream,
While joy recaptures many a province fair,
Glowing, and luminous, and debonair.

Little it matters where my dreams begin;
Since, like a feathery seed upon the wind,
Southward my fancy can but speed and spin,
Until beneath my poising brain I find
The soul of rustic loveliness, reclin'd
In some French woodland quivering to the west,
Or clad with flower-gold on some French hill's crest.

Sands of Dunkirk are not too cold for me;
Nor dales of Roussillon too full of fire;
Down Tarn and Lot my memory leaps in glee;
Long miles of poplar'd Anjou cannot tire
Feet that to frost-capp'd Dauphiné aspire;
Shouting of waves which on black Penmarch fall —
Slow streams at Aiguës-Mortes — I love them all!

France! take my hands in those kind hands of thine;
Like a chill swallow to thy fields I fly!
Warmth, beauty, calm and happiness are mine
When o'er me bends that soft and radiant sky,
When in that vivid atmosphere I sigh —

Sigh, for pure gladness, while my pulses dance
A joyful measure to the praise of France.

EDMUND GOSSE

THE NAME OF FRANCE

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art, —
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right, —
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,
At the touch of a courage that knows not fear, —
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong, —
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword, —
A name that calls on the world to share

In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere, —
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France!*

HENRY VAN DYKE

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S GRAVE

IN *Champs Élysées*, in the early morn,
I sought the *Arc de Triomphe* and its grave;
But not before two others, old and brave,
Had brought their withered flowers to adorn

The holy place. They knelt, and lifting worn
And loving eyes, their thanks to God they gave.
They did not ask the Saints their son to save,
But offered him anew — their dear last-born.

Their faces shone, when, rising from their knees,
They turned and saw me. I then asked if they,
With their great love, had come a toilsome way.
"Ah, yes!" they said, "We're from the Pyrenees.

"For our sweet boy we cannot shed a tear —
Since he, we think, lies grandly buried here."

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

PARIS

FIRST, London, for its myriads; for its height,
Manhattan heaped in towering stalagmite;

But Paris for the smoothness of the paths
That lead the heart unto the heart's delight. . . .

Fair loiterer on the threshold of those days
When there's no lovelier prize the world displays
Than, having beauty and your twenty years,
You have the means to conquer and the ways,

And coming where the crossroads separate
And down each vista glories and wonders wait,
Crowning each path with pinnacles so fair
You know not which to choose, and hesitate —

Oh, go to Paris. . . . In the midday gloom
Of some old quarter take a little room
That looks off over Paris and its towers
From Saint Gervais round to the Emperor's Tomb, —

So high that you can hear a mating dove
Croon down the chimney from the roof above,
See Nôtre Dame and know how sweet it is
To wake between Our Lady and our love.

And have a little balcony to bring
Fair plants to fill with verdure and blossoming,
That sparrows seek, to feed from pretty hands,
And swallows circle over in the Spring.

There of an evening you shall sit at ease
In the sweet month of flowering chestnut-trees,
There with your little darling in your arms,
Your pretty dark-eyed Manon or Louise.

And looking out over the domes and towers
That chime the fleeting quarters and the hours,
While the bright clouds banked eastward back of them
Blush in the sunset, pink as hawthorn flowers,

You cannot fail to think, as I have done,
Some of life's ends attained, so you be one
Who measures life's attainment by the hours
That Joy has rescued from oblivion.

ALAN SEEGER

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case —
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,

Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
  Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
  Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
  Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
  Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
  Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
  I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table
  And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.
  "How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder: —
  "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
  So honest Terré's run his race!"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner!"
  "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"O, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
  "Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
  The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
  My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
  With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty, —
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,

And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me —
  There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
  Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
  In memory of the dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
  And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is, —
  Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE BOOK-STALLS ON THE SEINE

WHEN you're in Paris next, just after rain —
Whene'er the sun comes out (Give God the praise!) —
Go down and watch their varied owners raise
The covers of the book-stalls on the Seine.

Then watch some stooping scholar, who would fain,
Among worn texts of Greek and Latin plays,
Discover what he's longed for all his days, —
A book so rare he doubts if one remain.

He's scanned two hundred titles line by line,
And failed again. But look! His eyes shine bright:
He's found it! Published by . . . yes, all is right:
  The date is fifteen hundred thirty-nine.

And thus you know that Paris is the home
Of Abélard and Bernard — and not Rome.

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

SONNET

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

NOTRE DAME

Often at evening, when the summer sun,
Floats like a gold balloon above the roofs,
I climb this silent tower of Notre Dame —
My sole companion Hugo's deathless book —
For here all limits vanish, here my soul
Breathes and expands, and knows a wider life.
Here in the lustrous, shimmering sunset hour
Painter and poet both might find new words,
New colours, seeing opened in the sky
The jewel-casket of Ithuriel —
Sapphires, cornelians, opals! Pictures here
Are seen, so gorgeous and so rich in hue

That Titian's and Rubens' colouring
Grows pale in memory; and here are built
Misty cathedrals, wonderfully arched,
Mountains of smoke, fantastic colonnades —
All doubled in the mirror of the Seine. . . .
Now comes a breeze which moulds the tattered clouds
Into a thousand new and changing forms,
Mysterious and vague; the passing day,
As if for his good-night, reclothes the church
In vesture of a richer, purer tint.
Her tall twin-towers — those canticles in stone —
Drawn with great strokes upon the fiery sky,
Seem like two mighty arms upraised in pray'r
To God by Paris ere she sinks to sleep.

But ah! when in the darkness you have climbed
The slender spiral staircase, when at last
You see again the blue sky overhead,
The void above you, the abyss below,
Then are you seized by dizziness and fear
Sublime, to feel yourself so close to God.
E'en as a branch beneath a perching bird,
The tower shrinks 'neath the pressure of your feet,
Trembles and thrills; th' intoxicated sky
Waltzes and reels around you; the abyss
Opens its jaws: the imp of dizziness,
Flapping you with his wings, leaps mockingly,
And all the parapets shudder and shake.
Weathercocks, spires, and pointed roofs move past
Your dazzled eyes, outlined in silhouette
Against the whirling sky, and in the gulf
Where the apocalyptic raven wheels,
Far down, lies Paris, howling — yet unheard!

O, how the heart beats now! To dominate
With feeble human eye from this great height
A city so immense! With one swift glance
To embrace this mighty whole, standing so near
To Heaven, and beholding, even as
A soaring mountain-eagle, far, far down
In the depth of the crater's heart, the writhing smoke,
The boiling lava! . . .

And yet, O Notre Dame, though Paris robed
In flame-like vesture is so beautiful,
Her beauty vanishes if one should leave
Thy towers and reach the level earth again.
All fades and changes then; nought grand is left
Save only thee. . . . For O, within thy walls
The Lord God makes His Dwelling! Through thy dark
And shadowy places Heaven's angels move,
And light thee with reflections from their wings.
O, world of poetry in this world of prose!
At sight of thee a knocking at the heart
Is felt, a perfect faith makes pure the soul.
When evening damascenes thee with her gold,
And in the dingy square thou, gleaming, stand'st
Like a huge monstrance on a purple daïs,
I can believe that by a miracle
Between thy towers the Lord might show Himself. . . .
How small our bourgeois monuments appear
Beside thy Gallic majesty! No dome,
No spire, however proud, can vie with thee —
Thou seem'st indeed to strike against the sky!
Who could prefer, e'en in pedantic taste,
These poor bare Grecian styles, these Panthéons,
These antique fripperies, perishing with cold,

And scarcely knowing how to stand upright,
To the demure, straight folds of thy chaste robe? . . .

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

(*Translated by Eva M. Martin*)

IN THE GALLERIES OF THE LOUVRE

AMONG the pictures in these palace halls
One scene which holds me fast with charméd grace
Is of a poor Dutch room, with chimney-place.
There by a window, through which twilight falls,

Sits blesséd Mary, whom her Child enthralls
With His sweet smile and with His fond embrace:
The glowing hearth lights up her joyous face;
From heaven calm sleep, with crooning song, she calls.

Is this Dutch scene the home of Christ the King —
The Infant of far-distant Palestine?
Yea, Holy Child, for all the earth is Thine;
'Round ev'ry mother's neck Thy fingers cling;

And what Thy loving mother sang to Thee
Is sung by mothers through eternity.

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

THE VENUS OF MILO

WHAT art thou? Woman? Goddess? Aphrodite?
Yet never such as thou from the cold foam
Of ocean, nor from cloudy heaven might come,
Who wast begotten on her bridal night
In passionate Earth's womb by Man's delight,

When Man was young. I cannot trace in thee
Time's handiwork. Say, rather, where is he
For whom thy face was red which is so white?
Thou standest ravished, broken, and thy face
Is writ with ancient passions. Thou art dumb
To my new love. Yet, whatsoe'er of good,
Of crime, of pride, of passion, or of grace
In woman is, thou, woman, hast in sum.
Earth's archetypal Eve. All Womanhood.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

THE WINGED VICTORY

THOU dear and most high Victory,
Whose home is the unvanquished sea,
Whose fluttering wind-blown garments keep
The very freshness, fold, and sweep
They wore upon the galley's prow,
By what unwonted favor now
Hast thou alighted in this place,
Thou Victory of Samothrace?

O thou to whom in countless lands
With eager hearts and striving hands
Strong men in their last need have prayed,
Greatly desiring, undismayed,
And thou hast been across the fight
Their consolation and their might,
Withhold not now one dearer grace,
Thou Victory of Samothrace!

Behold, we, too, must cry to thee,
Who wage our strife with Destiny,

And give for Beauty and for Truth
Our love, our valor and our youth.
Are there no honors for these things
To match the pageantries of kings?
Are we more laggard in the race
Than those who fell at Samothrace?

Not only for the bow and sword,
O Victory, be thy reward!
The hands that work with paint and clay
In Beauty's service, shall not they
Also with mighty faith prevail?
Let hope not die, nor courage fail,
But joy come with thee pace for pace,
As once long since in Samothrace.

Grant us the skill to shape the form
And spread the color living-warm,
(As they who wrought aforetime did),
Where love and wisdom shall lie hid,
In fair impassioned types, to sway
The cohorts of the world to-day,
In Truth's eternal cause, and trace
Thy glory down from Samothrace.

With all the ease and splendid poise
Of one who triumphs without noise,
Wilt thou not teach us to attain
Thy sense of power without strain,
That we a little may possess
Our souls with thy sure loveliness, —
That calm the years cannot deface,
Thou Victory of Samothrace?

Then in the ancient, ceaseless war
With infamy, go thou before!
Amid the shoutings and the drums
Let it be learned that Beauty comes,
Man's matchless Paladin to be,
Whose rule shall make his spirit free
As thine from all things mean or base.
Thou Victory of Samothrace.

BLISS CARMAN

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU

THE lights and shadows of long ago
In the grand old Forest of Fontainebleau
Go with me still wherever I go.

I range my pictures around my room,
Won from the forest's light and gloom;
Not yet shall they sink to an auction's doom.

They wake me again to the painter's moods;
They take me back to the wonderful woods,
The wild, dream-haunted solitudes.

They come as Memory waves her wand;
And I think of the days when with busy hand
I painted alone in the forest grand.

I see the old gnarled oak-trees spread
Their boughs and foliage over my head.
About the mossy rocks I tread.

Under the beeches of Fontainebleau,
In the green dim dells of the Bas-Brëau,
Mid ferns and laurel-tufts I go;

Or up on the hills, while the woods beneath
Circle me round like a giant-wreath,
Plunge knee-deep in the purple heath;

Then down to a patch of furzy sand,
Where the white umbrella and easel stand,
And the rocks lie picturesque and grand.

The mellow autumn with fold on fold
Has dressed the woods with a bronzy gold,
And scarlet scarfs of a wealth untold.

The tall gray spotted beeches rise
And seem to touch the unclouded skies,
And round their tops with clamorous cries

The rooks are wheeling to and fro;
And down on the brown leaf-matting below
The lights and the shadows come and go.

O calm, deep days, when labor moved
With wings of joy to the tasks beloved,
And art its own best guerdon proved!

For such it was, when long ago
I sat in my leafy studio
In the dear old Forest of Fontainebleau.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

John Brown and Jeanne at Fontainebleau —
'Twas Toussaint, just a year ago;
Crimson and copper was the glow
Of all the woods at Fontainebleau.
They peered into that ancient well,
And watched the slow torch as it fell.
John gave the keeper two whole sous,
And Jeanne that smile with which she woos
John Brown to folly. So they lose
The Paris train. But never mind! —
All-Saints are rustling in the wind,
And there's an inn, a crackling fire —
(It's *deux-cinquante*, but Jeanne's desire);
There's dinner, candles, country wine,
Jeanne's lips — philosophy divine!

There was a bosquet at Saint-Cloud
Wherein John's picture of her grew
To be a Salon masterpiece —
Till the rain fell that would not cease.
Through one long alley how they raced! —
'Twas gold and brown, and all a waste
Of matted leaves, moss-interlaced.
Shades of mad queens and hunter-kings
And thorn-sharp feet of dryad-things
Were company to their wanderings;
Then rain and darkness on them drew.
The rich folks' motors honked and flew.
They hailed an old cab, heaven for two;
The bright Champs-Élysées at last —
Though the cab crawled it sped too fast.

Paris, upspringing white and gold:
Flamboyant arch and high-enscrolled
War-sculpture, big, Napoleonic —
Fierce chargers, angels histrionic;
The royal sweep of gardened spaces,
The pomp and whirl of columned Places;
The *Rive Gauche*, age-old, gay and gray;
The *impasse* and the loved café;
The tempting tidy little shops;
The convent walls, the glimpsed tree-tops;
Book-stalls, old men like dwarfs in plays;
Talk, work, and Latin Quarter ways.

May — Robinson's, the chestnut trees —
Were ever crowds as gay as these?
The quick pale waiters on a run,
The round, green tables, one by one,
Hidden away in amorous bowers —
Lilac, laburnum's golden showers.
Kiss, clink of glasses, laughter heard,
And nightingales quite undeterred.
And then that last extravagance —
O Jeanne, a single amber glance
Will pay him! — "Let's play millionaire
For just two hours — on princely fare,
At some hotel where lovers dine
À deux and pledge across the wine!"
They find a damask breakfast-room,
Where stiff silk roses range their bloom.
The *garçon* has a splendid way
Of bearing in *grand déjeuner*.
Then to be left alone, alone,
High up above Rue Castiglione;

Curtained away from all the rude
Rumors, in silken solitude;
And, John, her head upon your knees —
Time waits for moments such as these.

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

"NOT FAR FROM PARIS, IN FAIR FONTAINEBLEAU"

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

NOT far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely, memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go, —
Their backs too used to stoop, — and patient sow
The harvest which their narrow need supplies;
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Loved Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found —
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod —
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain,
At home with nature, and at one with God!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

YEARS AGO

WHY should I think of spring in France
When each new April's new mischance
Of gypsy magic and green change
Leaves earth familiarly strange?

Were there not springs before that spring?
Was there not whist and whispering
Of wind in willow until then?
And shall there not be springs again?
I can remember times more near
And longer past than that strange year;
Hip-booted springs, half faun, half boy,
Over the lakes in Illinois,
Following the swollen runnels down
To beaches where the waves broke brown,
Shaking the air, and the landward breeze
Smelled of fresh water and far pine trees,
And overnight in the steep ravine
The first hepatica grew green;
And brief, too brief, New Haven Junes,
Green mornings, harbor-smelling noons,
And twilights flat on the shadowy turf
Washed with the footfalls' shallow surf,
With a drifting voice far off and sweet,
And the rumble of wheels on the Chapel Street,
Drowsing and talking whimsily
Of Noah's ark and a life at sea.
I can remember springs more near,
Yet never when the winter's clear
And there's an earthy smoke about
And sluggard black flies blunder out,
Never do I remember these,
But seeing tint the apple trees
I see the orchards north from Meaux
Haggard with dust where the wagons go,
And smelling plough lands under rain
I smell the soft French earth again
Cut deep beneath the clumsy guns,

And hearing how some whistler runs
His broken scale, hear then the song
That sunny days and all day long
A dead boy used to sing and sing.

But there were songs before that spring.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

SAINT OF FRANCE

WIDE, restless grey like two bewildered birds
Her eyes were troubled with some nameless quest:
She had heard voices, and she could not rest;
She had heard voices crying without words.
And she rose up, and left her father's herds,
And took the path to the hill's blazing crest
And stood, a crimson cross against the west
An instant, and her eyes were homing birds.

She had found peace: and when she came to die
She heard the voices calling her again . . .
The crackling faggots smouldered on the sky,
And she had made a miracle of pain.
But people who were come to see her die
Remembered only fire and the sky.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

IN OLD ROUEN

IN old Rouen, where past and present meet,
A mighty duke once reigned — a girl was burned;
And still their shades in boulevard and street
Or some dim crypt or tower may be discerned.

And one has outlines very blurred and faint,
And one has gathered glory from the years; —
Ah, it is not the Conqueror, but the Saint,
Who holds a world's remembrance — through its tears.

ANTOINETTE DECOURSEY PATTERSON

THE RETURN OF JEANNE D'ARC

JEANNE D'ARC:

Why do the vales of Paradise
Turn very France before my eyes
With linkèd rivers, chain on chain,
Cool Meuse and amber-sandaled Aisne,
Angelic Oise serenely fleet,
And wayward Rhône on wingèd feet?
There gleams the Loire through lace of trees,
Shod as of old with silences.
And there with Paris at its breast
The white Seine lies along the west
How wistful!
Nay, my serious Seine,
Will nothing make thee smile again?
Has any gargoyle peering down
From Notre Dame with hostile frown,
Invaded thy still dreams at night?
Dost thou lament the lost delight
Of years long gone?

I wonder why
Proud Paris veils her from the sky
In twilight vesture like a nun?
I wonder, what has heaven done?

The lights are dead, the land is gray,
Like ghosts the pale roads drift away
Into the north! Oh, I would see
What years have wrought in Domremy,
And how great Rheims above the town
Lifts praying hands! I must go down
Among my people, I must know
What makes my heart remember so,
And why the voices cry so near,
The human voices that I hear!

THE MEN OF FRANCE:

Now Mary lend thee out of heaven
For dear defense of rivers seven
And shattered gateways of the north!
Angel of France, oh, lead us forth!

JEANNE D'ARC:

They are invaded! They have need
Of my heart's faith! Yea, I will lead,
But can they follow when I go
Unseen and vague as winds that blow?
Yet shepherd winds control the day,
To make the poplars lean one way,
To ruffle rivers into gold,
Herd home the clouds into far fold,
And tirelessly evoke the shy
Wild iris hidden in the sky.
Can my wing'd spirit so persuade
Their hearts to follow unafraid?

THE MEN OF FRANCE:

Now Michael gird thee with his sword
To thrust aside the alien horde,

To bend and break and hurl them forth!
Come, thou, and lead us to the north!

JEANNE D'ARC:

Soldiers, my great gray horse long gone
To graze the meadows of the dawn
Has thriven on clear asphodel,
Till you shall learn, he travels well,
And victory is still his stride.
You see me not, but oh, I ride
For France, and mark her starry goal,
The faith and freedom of the soul.
Do you but follow and give ear
To heavenly voices that I hear,
Till past the black besieging din
And whistling menace shrill and thin,
Emerge some silvery interval
Of vanished bells that call and call.
Forsaken save of sun and stars,
With portals blurred by battle scars,
With towers torn and windows gone,
'Tis mighty Rheims that cries you on!
Though heaven and earth be withering,
Her ruined bells shall sob and sing:
Though earth and heaven be blank and bare,
You shall behold her standing there
With wounded arms uplifted high
For men of France who fight and die!

THE MEN OF FRANCE:

Now Heaven help thee understand
The peril come upon our land!

Now God forgive our little worth
And grant thee memory of earth!

JEANNE D'ARC:

I do remember everything
I had forgotten: how the king
For all my pleading still delayed,
But God's own angels gave me aid.
There was a Chinon nightingale
That sang all night: "You will not fail!"
And there were always saintly trees,
And dim old flowery villages,
And rain-pricked pools like fretted shields,
And sunny hills and mellow fields,
Oh, there was France! So now she lies
Appealing-sweet before my eyes,
Her wide flush rivers for delight,
Her spires and poplars to invite
The eyes and thoughts toward heaven.
Men,
I fight beside you once again,
As those brief centuries ago:
Each man of you a man I know!
In Paradise I have not seen
Faces more steadfast and serene.
Let them not tear the temple down
That holds the soul of Rouen town,
Nor crush the lilies Amiens wears,
Nor those fair vines along the stairs
Of Chartres, where some hand unknown
Lured leaf and fruit from silver stone.
This sunward hour of deepening dawn

Brings glory of your comrades gone,
And Rheims' lost bells are ringing!"

THE MEN OF FRANCE!

Hark!
It is her voice! Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne d'Arc!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAY IN BRITTANY

WHO counts the foolish years?
This Brittany of ours,
With all her gathered hopes and fears,
Her scroll of smiles and tears,
Is young, amid her sweet, perennial flowers.
About the lone, deserted shrines
Carol melodious songsters of to-day;
Weaving their modern spell
Through Carnac's mighty lines
The sun-burned children play,
Knowing, perchance, the ancient secret well.
Above the buried Ys,
Stout fishers in their rainbow shallops ply;
Gazing into the azure depths they sigh,
Dreaming of fair Dahut, and brighter realms than this,
Longing to feel her kiss.
But homely love is waiting them ashore;
Soon they will sigh no more.
Joy of the present, full of light and life,
Faith of the future years, with promise rife —
Belovéd of the sea,
How young is Brittany!

Who marks the months' retreat?
It is not fall when roses are abloom,
When strawberries are sweet,
And snowy, great magnolias breathe perfume.
This bright September day,
With radiant sky and balmy airs at play,
Renewing joy in every living thing,
Is Spring! Is Spring!
And so with you, dear Mother! Heart of youth,
Wise in your dreaming, soul of mystery,
Tender in faith and truth.
Lo, in your gentle hands you hold the key
Of spring eternal, of the spirit's prime;
You make a slave of time.
With his malicious fears,
And as this *spring* day brightly
Clasps like a gem the threaded years
You wear so lightly,
Who shall seek to sum them,
Admiring still how sweetly you become them?

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

HERVÉ RIEL

SAINT MALO

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight:
Brief and bitter the debate.
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these, —
A Captain? a Lieutenant? a Mate, — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, — Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel.
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals? — me, who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers, every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me,
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And, if one ship misbehave, —
Keel so much as grate the ground, —
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past!
All are harbored to the last!
And, just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, — too late!

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth, and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes, —
Just the same man as before.
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships;
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it but
a run?
Since 'tis ask and have, I may;
Since the others go ashore, —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England
bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
Riel.

So for better and for worse
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING

AN ORCHARD AT AVIGNON

THE hills are white, but not with snow:
They are as pale in summer time,
For herb or grass may never grow
Upon their slopes of lime.

Within the circle of the hills
A ring all flowering in a round,
An orchard-ring of almond fills
The plot of stony ground.

More fair than happier trees, I think,
Grown in well-watered pasture land
These parched and stunted branches, pink
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,
Where very few will care to come,
Where spring hath lost the waving grace
She wears for us at home!

Fain would I sit and watch for hours
The holy whiteness of thy hills,
Their wreath of pale auroral flowers,
Their peace the silence fills.

A place of secret peace thou art,
  Such peace as in the hour of pain
One moment fills the amazed heart,
  And never comes again.

A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux)

TOULOUSE

Warm roads of yellow dust
Descend past gardens
To a golden river
Between rose walls.

Voices of saints,
Each with a quaint fable,
Rabble in softly discordant bells
Above their shrines.

Golden music of Saint Sernin's chimes,
Golden Asti, and the wine of Champagne
Are sipped on a café terrace.

In the dusk before Saint Sernin's altar
An agony crouches,
Inarticulate.
One taper speaks with a golden voice
In the darkness.

Strings cry music,
Old wood resounds,
Glass and ice tinkle,
Straw-colored frost cascades.

Aux Minimes a blue-coated sergeant
Whistles softly beneath a high window.
The shutters part;
Blue-robed loveliness smiles down.
Moonlight is golden.

GRANT HYDE CODE

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
  Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marchèd to Agincourt
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,

Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led;

With the main Henry sped
  Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
  On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
  To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
  Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
  To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
  Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
  Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
  Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
  Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
  Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
  As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
  Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
  With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
  Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
  Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby

Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON

"THE POPLARS IN THE FIELDS OF FRANCE"

THE poplars in the fields of France
Are golden ladies come to dance;
But yet to see them there is none
But I and the September sun.

The girl who in their shadow sits
Can only see the sock she knits;
Her dog is watching all the day
That not a cow shall go astray.

The leisurely contented cows
Can only see the earth they browse;
Their piebald bodies through the grass
With busy, munching noses pass.

Alone the sun and I behold
Processions crowned with shining gold —

The poplars in the fields of France,
Like glorious ladies come to dance.

FRANCES CORNFORD

AN OLD CASTLE

THE gray arch crumbles,
And totters and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall;
In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall.
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
A-top of the cracked martello tower;
The drawbridge-chain
Is broken in twain —
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner
Of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.

Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,
Was wassail held by queens and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,

The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lys,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter —
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of Orders Gray.
(Perhaps 'tis the priest
Come back to feast —
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!
But the capon's cold,
And the steward's old,
And the butler's lost the larder-key!)
The doughty lords
Sleep the sleep of swords;
Dead are the dames and damozels;
The King in his crown
Hath laid him down,
And the Jester with his bells.

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,

Vines in my lady's chamber grow —
If 'twas her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;
Let us hence. 'Tis the end of all —
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet hall.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

CARCASSONNE

"How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long,
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen, —
It almost seems a wrong;
A dream I had when life was new.
Alas, our dreams! they come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne, —
That lovely city — Carcassonne!

"One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues, —
I do not mind the road's fatigues, —
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes, — that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The Bishop, the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne, —
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our Vicar's right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, 'O, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
Against Ambition's snare!'
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father! pardon me
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope, more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne, —
But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me

To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

GUSTAVE NADAUD
(*Tr. by M. E. W. Sherwood*)

FROM CARCASSONNE

Now night,
The sighing night,
Descends to hide and heal
The crimson wounds
Ripped in the sky,
Where the high helmet-towers
(With clouds as streaming feathers)
Have torn the Heavens
In their incessant sunset battle.

Below,
Upon the mound,
Small golden flowers
Release their daylight slowly
At the Night's behest,
Till they become pale discs
That quiver
When the evening wind
Draws his thin fingers
Down the dew-drenched grass
— As an old harper,
Who awakes

From drunken sunlit slumber,
Blindly plucks
His silver-sounding strings,
Making the sound
That, further, darker down
The trees make,
When they draw back
Their upturned leaves
In fountain-foaming hurry.

The curling, hump-backed dolphins,
Drunk with purple fumes
Of wine-stained sunset,
Plunge through the wider waters of the night —
Waters that well down every narrow street
In darkening billows,
Till they become quiet, full —
Canals that, mirror-like,
Reflect each sound
Of snarling song
In all the town.

And as the dolphins dive
There splashes back
Upon their goat-eared riders,
Dislodged in sudden fury,
The foaming froth of summer-cooling winds
— Issuing from where the northern trees
Bellow their resined breath
Across the seas
To ripple through far fields
Of twilight flowers —
Sweeping across

To where these old high towers
Of Carcassonne
Still stand to break their flow.

Neptune, from his high pedestal,
Can watch the waters of the night
Rise, further, further,
And the faun-riders sink below
The conquering, cool tide.

OSBERT SITWELL

NEAR CANNES

HERE little birds fly low and fold
  Their wings to stillness in the shade
Of lines of willow-trees, that hold
  Sweet secrets in them unbetrayed;

Though sometimes in a dream of sound,
  Half music and half sun, we hear
Ripples of water touch the ground,
  And smell the lilies bending near.

Upon the fields the wanton sun
  Lies with his yellow locks between
The poppy blooms that one by one
  Steal blushing to him through the green.

And tenderest forget-me-nots
  That e'er a lover honored yet
With glance made sweet by sweetest thoughts
  Are softly in the grasses set.

And yonder by the gleaming road
Whose white feet pass the meadows by,
Mute in an awe-struck dream of God,
The poplars look up to the sky.

CORA KENNEDY AITKEN

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE

I STOOD in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,
That from the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mouldering tower.
And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier day, —
Of saint and knight, the tourney's pomp, and the Minnesinger's lay!

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,
And through the chancel-oriel came a splendor soft and dim,
Till dusky shrine and painting old glowed in the lustre wan:
Below me was a marble slab, — the tomb of Charlemagne.

A burst of organ-music rang so grandly, sadly slow,
It seemed a requiem thundered o'er the dead who slept below;
And with the sound came thronging round the stern men of that time,
When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was crime.

I thought upon the day when he, whose dust I stood upon,
Ruled with a monarch's boundless right the kingdoms he had won, —

When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the Baltic's wave;
And now — the lowest serf might stand, unheeded, on his grave.

And ruthless hands despoiled his dust, attired in regal pride,
The crown upon his crumpled brows, and Joyeuse by his side, —
Whose rusted blade, at Ronceval, flamed in the hero's hand
In answer to the silver horn of the Paladin, Roland.

I stood on that neglected stone, thrilled with the glorious sound,
While bowed at many a holier shrine the worshippers around, —
And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper dim,
And priestly stoles went sweeping by, — I could but think of him!

I saw the boy with yellow locks, crowned at St. Deny's shrine;
The emperor in his purple cloak, the lord of all the Rhine;
The conqueror of a thousand foes, in battle stern and hard;
The widowed mourner at thy tomb, O fairest Hildegarde!

Long pealed the music of the choir through chancel-arch and nave,
As, lost in those old memories, I stood upon his grave;

And when the morning anthem ceased, and solemn mass
began,
I left that minster gray and old, — the tomb of Charle-
magne!

BAYARD TAYLOR

CHARLEMAGNE

(*Charlemagne was buried sitting upright on his throne, robed and crowned, his sword at his side.*)

HE sits beneath the dust of conquered worlds
Clothed in imperial robes, his restless sword —
The terror once of Arab, Saxon, Moor —
Held in that last cold grasp of lifeless clay.
How must that spirit, tortured by the sight
Of crumbling empires, struggle to break free!
How must that hand, once glorious in the strife,
That death alone could conquer, strain to lift
The sword and save the kingdom from its doom!
And yet he moves not! On his shadow throne,
While muffled sounds of kingdoms falling strike
His earth-clogged ears, he reigns among the shadows
Until with wide unblinded eyes he see
All thrones and crowns lie broken in the dust.

MARY SINTON LEITCH

GARGOYLES

STRASSBOURG CATHEDRAL

LIKE the little sins great souls ignore,
The little sins we love them for,
They cluster slyly with grimace and grin,
Mocking the reverent peace within.

In unbridled mischief, a naughty brood,
Defying the great cathedral's mood,
'Twixt flying buttresses they stare
At the holy ones who go for prayer.
With horn and hoof, with leer and sneer —
Impudent creatures — they peep and peer.

Grotesque, uncouth, down far below
The sky-wrought spire they never know
How petty their part in the soaring whole,
And plume themselves with complacent soul,
And nod and wink in conscious pride,
As strangers spy them side by side.

Not demons accurst, nor a sin-bred crew,
But the vagrant fancies some old priest knew;
Gay imps that chased his prayers from the throne —
Now doomed forever to dwell in stone.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

BELGIUM

BELGIUM THE BARLASS

The night was still. The King sat with the Queen:
She sang; her maidens span. A peaceful scene!

Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall,
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall.

They rush like thunder down the gallery floor. . . .
. . . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door!

No pin to hold the loops! No stick, no stave!
Nothing! An open door, an open grave!

Then Catherine Barlass thrust her naked arm
(A girl's arm, supple, white as milk, and warm)

Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
"'Twill hold (she said) until they break the bone.

"My King, you have one instant to prepare". . .
She said no more because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's king
And Kate the Barlass (Men for aye will sing

The deed one magic instant brings to birth:
Such moments are the ransom of our Earth)

Brave Belgium! Barlass of our western world -
Who, fearless, when the Prussian tyrant hurl'd

His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand —

Happier than she who saw her monarch fall,
Thine arm, thy heart, thy faith have saved us all!

A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux)

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

The old houses of Flanders,
They watch by the high cathedrals;
They over-top the high town-halls;

They have eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic, for the
ways of men
In the high, white tiled gables.

The rain and the night have settled down on Flanders;
It is all wet darkness; you can see nothing.

Then those old eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic,
Look at great, sudden, red lights,
Look upon the shades of the cathedrals;
And the golden rods of the illuminated rain,
For a second . . .

And those old eyes,
Very old eyes that have watched the ways of men for many
generations,
Close for ever.
The high, white shoulders of the gables
Slouch together for a consultation,
Slant drunkenly over in the lea of the flaming cathedrals.
They are no more, the old houses of Flanders.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

THE groping spires have lost the sky
That reach from Termonde town:
There are no bells to travel by,
The minster chimes are down.
It's forth we must, alone, alone,
And try to find the way:
The bells that we have always known,
War broke their hearts to-day.

They used to call the morning
Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
Like seraphim betrayed:
God must have heard their broken prayer
That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
And what is left to say?
It's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
To try to find the way.

They used to call the children
To go to sleep at night:
And then their songs were tender
And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain
Within the empty tower.
We shall not hear them sing again
At dawn or twilight hour.
It's forth we must, away, away,
And far from Termonde town,
But this is all I know to-day —
The chimes, the chimes are down!

They used to ring at evening
To help the people pray,
Who wander now bewildered,
And cannot find the way.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet, —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off its darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams
and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here
and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-
like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows
wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant
than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden
times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melan-
choly chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing
in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting
of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my
brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror
smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of
sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened
city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their
graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was
aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined
square.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HOLLAND

THE HEAVENLY HILLS OF HOLLAND

The heavenly hills of Holland, —
  How wondrously they rise
Above the smooth green pastures
  Into the azure skies!
With blue and purple hollows,
  With peaks of dazzling snow,
Along the far horizon
  The clouds are marching slow.

No mortal foot has trodden
  The summits of that range,
Nor walked those mystic valleys
  Whose colors ever change;
Yet we possess their beauty,
  And visit them in dreams,
While the ruddy gold of sunset
  From cliff and canyon gleams.

In days of cloudless weather
  They melt into the light;
When fog and mist surround us
  They're hidden from our sight;
But when returns a season
  Clear shining after rain,
While the northwest wind is blowing,
  We see the hills again.

The old Dutch painters loved them,
  Their pictures show them clear, —

Old Hobbema and Ruysdael,
Van Goyen and Vermeer.
Above the level landscape,
Rich polders, long-armed mills,
Canals and ancient cities, —
Float Holland's heavenly hills.

HENRY VAN DYKE

SKETCHES FROM A CANAL BOAT

PAST hyacinth banks and crowded quay
The slow canal winds out to sea,
And tulip-laden boats lag down
'Twixt vine-hid hamlet and red-roofed town,
And a flock of the children Rubens knew —
Lace cap and shoenen and kirtle blue —
Go clattering, chattering, knitting at play,
With a pfennig to spend this glad fête day.

Beneath their cart the gaunt dogs pass
With market greens and flagons of brass,
Red apples and cheeses and little wares
To tempt young Jansje from her cares.
Gnarled, bent old women with wrinkled face
In every doorway sit making lace.

In the old church tower, crumbling and grey,
The great bell clamors the hours away.
It rings in years, it rings out souls —
Hark! 'tis a baby — three it tolls.
And Jansje shudders and kneels to pray,
And hears the three knells sob all day.

The windmills wheel as the winds sweep by
Beseeching and teasing — great birds should fly!
Tall red-cheeked Jan with the milking pails
Strides down the wharf 'twixt masts and sails.
Shy, lace-capped Jansje knits at the gate.
"Hist, Jan, would ye kiss when the kine are late?

"See the leaded panes glit copper-red
At the sign of the Klompen and Tiger-head."
"Thy lips are sweet" — so the milking sped.
"I love till death, — so another," he said.
"Hist, Jan, would ye kiss when the kine are late?"
"Nay, Jansje, Liebste, the kine can wait!"

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT

THE mill goes toiling slowly round,
With steady and solemn creak, —
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghost-like creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And over his pot of beer
The fisher against the morrow's dawn
Lustily maketh cheer.
He mocks at the winds that caper along,
From the far-off clam'rous deep;

But we, we love their lullaby song,
  Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
  Groans on the stony mart:
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
  Hitched to the new milk-cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
  And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine, —
  And now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-one comes to blanket the eyes,
  That wearily droop and sink;
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies,
  And scolds at the stars that blink.
Over your face the misty wings
  Of that beautiful Dream-one sweep,
And rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
  "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

EUGENE FIELD

NEAR AMSTERDAM

AFTER ALBERT CUYP

SOBER gray skies and ponderous clouds,
  With gaps between of pallid blues;
Bluff breezes stirring the brown canal;
  A broad, flat meadow's myriad hues

Of soft and changeful breadths of green,
  Barred with the silvery grass that bows

By straight canals, and dotted o'er
With black and white of basking cows;

And distant sails of hidden ships
The ceaseless windmills show or hide,
Through languid willows white they gleam,
And over red-tiled houses glide.

Two sturdy lads with wooden shoes
Go clumping down the reed-fringed dyke,
And tow a broad-bowed boat, where dreams
The quaint, sweet virgin of Van Eyck.

And slipt from out the revel high,
Where gay Franz Hals has bid him sit,
Above the bridge, his lazy pipe
Smokes placidly the stout De Witt.

S. Weir Mitchell

GOING TOO FAR

A woman who lived in Holland, of old,
Polished her brass till it shone like gold.
She washed her pig after all his meals
In spite of his energetic squeals.
She scrubbed her doorstep into the ground,
And the children's faces, pink and round,
She washed so hard that in several cases
She polished their features off their faces —
Which gave them an odd appearance, though
She thought they were really neater so!
Then her passion for cleaning quickly grew,
And she scrubbed and polished the village through,

Until, to the rage of all the people,
She cleaned the weather-vane off the steeple.
As she looked at the sky one summer's night
She thought that the stars shone out less bright;
And she said with a sigh, "If I were there,
I'd rub them up till the world should stare."
That night a storm began to brew,
And a wind from the ocean blew and blew
Till, when she came to her door next day
It whisked her up, and blew her away —
Up and up in the air so high
That she vanished, at last, in the stormy sky.
Since then it's said that each twinkling star
And the big white moon, shine brighter far.
But the neighbors shake their heads in fear
She may rub so hard they will disappear!

MILDRED HOWELLS

SCANDINAVIA

THE NORTHLAND

It is Denmark I'm saluting with my song.
'Tis the young, rain-wimpled mother of the soil who walks the land,
Sowing, pruning, as she passes down the tempest-beaten strand.
'Tis the sister of the welkin, with the winds about her shoulder,
Who rides eastward, who rides westward, while the thunderblasts enfold her;
Through the world she ploughs her furrow deep and long.
Faint-silhouetted as a farmstead when the morning mists have risen,
She is wise as seeds in winter, she can thrive beneath the snow.
From the deep we see her grow, smiling on the waves below.
She is ocean-born, and nothing can imprison.
It is Denmark I'm saluting with my song.

It is Norway I'm saluting with my song.
'Tis the mountain-peak's young father, who with ice-helm on his head,
Stands and fishes in the torrent for his prey, the lightning dread.
'Tis the forest's brother shadowed in a mantle like the night's,
By his nets he strums the harp-strings of the rippling Northern Lights,

Ere he sails out with his booty to Hong Kong.
Fierce he as the snow-storm fettered in the fjords constricted yawning,
Mild, too, as the midnight sun that blossoms on his window-sill.
Warm his heart, though rough his will; in his voice the spring-floods thrill,
And the future's torch he lifts is like the dawning.
It is Norway I'm saluting with my song.

It is Sweden I'm saluting with my song.
'Tis the iron mine's young mother with the star-crown in her hair,
Bringing treasure to the waters that the hand of spring lays bare.
'Tis the river's youthful sister with the birch-leaves at her waist,
As she stands and reaps the wilderness where stone-trolls are displaced,
Ploughed and broken by the sword that erst they swung.
Obstinate as craggy headlands where the shattered waves are streaming,
With the strength of deep-mined metal that her flaming will sets free,
To a psalm tune's melody forth she dances winsomely,
Smelting poems, forging deeds from out her dreaming.
It is Sweden I'm saluting with my song.

'Tis the Northland I'm saluting with my song.
Many blossoms here are blended. Wherefore seek a borrowed boon?
Here's true living, here's the country east o' th' sun and west o' th' moon.

Summer heightens into autumn, winter leads to spring
once more;
Mimer's fount of wisdom feeds us, earth's wide ocean
smites our shore.
Let's discern what we were made for and be strong!
Fate has set a path before us far removed from any
brother;
We shall be a mighty nation in the hour when this we
know.
Split the root that rests below, one the trunk that now
should grow.
We ourselves can mar our fortune, but no other.
'Tis the Northland I'm saluting with my song.

VALDEMAR RÖRDAM
(*Tr. by Charles Wharton Stork*)

THERE IS A CHARMING LAND

THERE is a charming land
Where grow the wide-armed beeches
By the salt eastern Strand.
Old Denmark, so we call
These rolling hills and valleys,
And this is Freia's Hall.

Here sat in days of yore
The warriors in armour,
Well rested from the war.
They scattered all their foes,
And now beneath great barrows
Their weary bones repose.

The land is lovely still,
With blue engirdling ocean

And verdant vale and hill.
Fair women, comely maids,
Strong men and lads are dwelling
In Denmark's island glades.

ADAM OEHLANSCHLAGER (1779–1850)
(*Tr. by Robert Hillyer*)

FLOWER-MARKET, COPENHAGEN

IN the grey November haze
Gold and scarlet flowers shine
Like a moveless line
Of torches all ablaze.
Down the long row
Behind the flowers, glow
The faces of old women, framed
In shawls as gay as any garden.
Blatant youth is shamed
Where age is so serenely young;
These faces never harden,
These smiles have never learned deceit;
The years go by on stealthy feet,
And never trample souls among
The quiet byways of a garden.
They smile at me, hold up their prize
Bouquets to catch my wandering eyes:
"Good-day, good-day; it's going to rain!"
I nod, and swing my cane.
Chrysanthemum and holly bough,
Late daisy, fern, and pale carnation, —
I can't commit myself just now!
St. Anthony's supreme temptation,
Had the tempter known his powers,

Would have been a flower-stall;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

This old woman brought to town
Her good cat, Hilda, to assist;
They talk, she looking kindly down
On the grey whiskers rimed with mist
And great gold eyes, while Hilda's purrs
Denote what happiness is hers.
Flower-cat and woman, who
Could decently resist the two?
How much for these red dahlias here?
Two kroner? "Yes, they're cheap this year; —
Ah, thank you!" She adjusts her shawl
To shelter Hilda from the showers.
Down the shining line I go;
Flowers and faces in a row,
Through the drizzle smile and glow;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

ROBERT HILLYER

HAIL, NORWAY

HAIL, Norway! land of strong men and free women, I greet thee!
Thy mountains stand beneath the eyes of heaven like lofty temples of Peace.
What joy throbbed in my heart when thy fjords sent a speechless welcome out to me, when first I saw thy lamp-starred hills of night from the perilous Northern main!

Under thy robe of spotless snow thy heart is warm with love, and thy skies — blue as the pigeon's neck — ring with the music of gladness, O sweet winter-home of the world!

Land of smooth-waved fjords, of sweet-breath'd mountains, of full-voiced waterfalls!
Land of majestic Northern Light! Arctic-blessed land!
Land of long winter months, of fleeting spring, and long, long days of short-lived summer!
Land where the winter sun hugs the horizon to his breast; land where the summer sun, unsetting, riots through the night!

O Motherland of Wergeland and Vinje, of Ibsen, Björnson, Abel, Birkeland, I walk among thy towns and villages, thy hills and valleys, as thy friend; and over thy holy name, O Norway, I have built a perfumed rainbow-arch of love, whose one foot rests on Glittertind and one on Gaurisankar's peace-illumined height!

Śrî Ānanda Āchārya

GRAVES AT CHRISTIANIA

We bore them their own wild heather
And ash-boughs jeweled red,
There where they sleep together,
Greatest of Norway's dead.

More than the hush of churches
Is the hush where Ibsen lies,

Columned by poplars and birches,
Vaulted by glorious skies.

Over that heart undaunted
Soars a shaft of Labrador,
Black yet beauty-haunted,
Marked with the hammer of Thor.

But what memorial lifted
To Björnson, loved of the folk?
We sought till our quest had drifted
Where tender voices spoke,

Where never a rail encloses
That resting-place of fame,
A little plot of roses,
Nameless nor needing name.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
  Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
  Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
  Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
  Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men

Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas; —

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep; —
Oh I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!

And like the lightning's flame
  Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
  Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them three score,
  And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
  Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
  Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
  Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
  His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
  In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
  "Behold this walrus-tooth!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CENTRAL EUROPE

PICTURES OF THE RHINE

The spirit of Romance dies not to those
Who hold a kindred spirit in their souls:
Even as the odorous life within the rose
Lives in the scattered leaflets and controls
Mysterious adoration, so there glows
Above dead things a thing that cannot die;
Faint as the glimmer of a tearful eye,
Ere the orb fills and all the sorrow flows.
Beauty renews itself in many ways;
The flower is fading while the new bud blows;
And this dear land as true a symbol shows,
While o'er it like a mellow sunset strays
The legendary splendour of old days,
In visible, inviolate repose.

About a mile behind the viny banks,
How sweet it was, upon a sloping green,
Sunspread, and shaded with a branching screen,
To lie in peace half-murmuring words of thanks!
To see the mountains on each other climb,
With spaces for rich meadows flowery bright;
The winding river freshening the sight
At intervals, the trees in leafy prime;
The distant village-roofs of blue and white,
With intersections of quaint-fashioned beams
All slanting crosswise, and the feudal gleams
Of ruined turrets, barren in the light; —
To watch the changing clouds, like clime in clime;
Oh! sweet to lie and bless the luxury of time.

Fresh blows the early breeze, our sail is full;
A merry morning and a mighty tide.
Cheerily O! and past St. Goar we glide,
Half hid in misty dawn and mountain cool.
The river is our own! and now the sun
In saffron clothes the warming atmosphere;
The sky lifts up her white veil like a nun,
And looks upon the landscape blue and clear; —
The lark is up; the hills, the vines in sight;
The river broadens with his waking bliss
And throws up islands to behold the light;
Voices begin to rise, all hues to kiss; —
Was ever such a happy morn as this!
Birds sing, we shout, flowers breathe, trees shine with one delight!

Between the two white breasts of her we love,
A dewy blushing rose will sometimes spring;
Thus Nonnenwerth like an enchanted thing
Rises mid-stream the crystal depths above.
On either side the waters heave and swell,
But all is calm within the little Isle;
Content it is to give its holy smile,
And bless with peace the lives that in it dwell.
Most dear on the dark grass beneath its bower
Of kindred trees embracing branch and bough,
To dream of fairy foot and sudden flower;
Or haply with a twilight on the brow,
To muse upon the legendary hour,
And Roland's lonely love and Hildegard's sad vow.

Hark! how the bitter winter breezes blow
Round the sharp rocks and o'er the half-lifted wave,

While all the rocky woodland branches rave
Shrill with the piercing cold, and every cave,
Along the icy water-margin low,
Rings bubbling with the whirling overflow;
And sharp the echoes answer distant cries
Of dawning daylight and the dim sunrise,
And the gloom-coloured clouds that stain the skies
With pictures of a warmth, and frozen glow
Spread over endless fields of sheeted snow;
And white untrodden mountains shining cold,
And muffled footpaths winding thro' the wold,
O'er which those wintry gusts cease not to howl and blow.

Rare is the loveliness of slow decay!
With youth and beauty all must be desired,
But 'tis the charm of things long past away,
They leave, alone, the light they have inspired:
The calmness of a picture; Memory now
Is the sole life among the ruins grey,
And like a phantom in fantastic play
She wanders with rank weeds stuck on her brow,
Over grass-hidden caves and turret-tops,
Herself almost as tottering as they;
While, to the steps of Time, her latest props
Fall stone by stone, and in the Sun's hot ray
All that remains stands up in rugged pride,
And bridal vines drink in his juices on each side.

GEORGE MEREDITH

DRACHENFELS

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,

Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,

And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LORD BYRON

THE LORELEI

YONDER we see it from the steamer's deck,
The haunted Mountain of the Lorelei —
The hanging crags sharp-cut against a sky
Clear as a sapphire without flaw or fleck.
'Twas here the Siren lay in wait to wreck
The fisher-lad. At dusk, as he rowed by,
Perchance he heard her tender amorous cry,
And, seeing the wondrous whiteness of her neck,
Perchance would halt, and lean towards the shore;
Then she by that soft magic which she had
Would lure him, and in gossamers of her hair,
Gold upon gold, would wrap him o'er and o'er,
Wrap him, and sing to him, and drive him mad,
Then drag him down to no man knoweth where.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

"ADIEU TO THEE, FAIR RHINE"

ADIEU to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united

Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LORD BYRON

HEINE

HARTZ MOUNTAINS

SEE! in the May afternoon,
O'er the fresh short turf of the Hartz,

A youth, with the foot of youth,
Heine! thou climbest again.
Up, through the tall dark firs
Warming their heads in the sun,
Checkering the grass with their shade, —
Up, by the stream with its huge
Moss-hung boulders and thin
Musical water half hid, —
Up, o'er the rock-strewn slope,
With the sinking sun, and the air
Chill, and the shadows now
Long on the gray hillside, —
To the stone-roofed hut at the top.
Or, yet later, in watch
On the roof of the Brocken tower
Thou standest, gazing! to see
The broad red sun, over field,
Forest and city and spire,
And mist-tracked stream of the wide,
Wide German land, going down
In a bank of vapors, — again
Standest! at nightfall, alone.

Or, next morning, with limbs
Rested by slumber, and heart
Freshened and light with the May,
O'er the gracious spurs coming down
Of the Lower Hartz, among oaks,
And beechen coverts, and copse
Of hazels green in whose depth
Ilse, the fairy transformed,
In a thousand water-breaks light
Pours her petulant youth,

Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perched
Rock! to its Iron Cross
Once more thou cling'st; to the Cross
Clingest! with smiles, with a sigh.

Goethe, too, had been there.
In the long-past winter he came
To the frozen Hartz, with his soul
Passionate, eager, his youth
All in ferment; — but he
Destined to work and to live
Left it, and thou, alas!
Only to laugh and to die.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

SORROWS OF WERTHER

WETZLAR

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ALBERT DÜRER'S STUDIO

IN the house of Albert Dürer
  Still is seen the studio
Where the pretty Nurembergers
  (Cheeks of rose and necks of snow)
Sat to have their portraits painted,
  Thrice a hundred years ago.

Still is seen the little loop-hole
  Where Frau Dürer's jealous care
Watched the artist at his labor,
  And the sitter in her chair,
To observe each word and motion
  That should pass between the pair.

Handsome, hapless Albert Dürer
  Was as circumspect and true
As the most correct of husbands,
  When the dear delightful shrew
Has him, and his sweet companions,
  Every moment under view.

But I trow that Albert Dürer
  Had within his heart a spot
Where he sat, and painted pictures
  That gave beauty to his lot,

And the sharp, intrusive vision
Of Frau Dürer entered not.

Ah! if brains and hearts had loop-holes,
And Frau Dürer could have seen
All the pictures that his fancy
Hung upon their walls within,
How minute had been her watching,
And how good he would have been!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

BAGPIPE PLAYER

NUREMBERG FOUNTAIN

HE plays his little tune in water.
Each note spurts from the bronze pipe-holes;
The piper plays
Four sprays
That mix and make a chord their own,
Splashing to music held by the bowl of stone.

— I know this tune!
First played
In some deep German wood some drowsy June,
Where hoofed and hairy things drew near
To hear,
And nymphs were unafraid! —

Hans Sachs and Dürer passed this fountain,
And Peter Fischer, Luther's sculptor friend;
Passed . . . to their worthy end.
But did they mark the Goat-god's godless ditty?

Or did the dripping little knave
Play drier tunes for them
In the staid street of the red-gabled city?

LEONORA SPEYER

THE WATERSHED

LINES WRITTEN BETWEEN MUNICH AND VERONA

BLACK mountains pricked with pointed pine
A melancholy sky.
Out-distanced was the German vine,
The sterile fields lay high.
From swarthy Alps I travelled forth
Aloft; it was the north, the north;
Bound for the Noon was I.

I seemed to breast the streams that day;
I met, opposed, withstood
The northward rivers on their way,
My heart against the flood —
My heart that pressed to rise and reach,
And felt the love of altering speech,
Of frontiers, in its blood.

But O the unfolding South! the burst
Of summer! O to see
Of all the southward brooks the first!
The travelling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy.

ALICE MEYNELL

THE LAKE

COSTINAN

THERE is a lake — but I forget its name,
That flickers in my memory like flame!

Guarded by Dolomites whose magic glow
Of red primeval merges into snow.

A lake so beautiful, God gave it birth
By melting one vast emerald on earth!

A lake so strange, that, did its waters part,
Undine would be enshrined within its heart.

And as with lovely sound the air may fill,
Though chords are hushed and all the strings be still,

So will this lake — but I forget its name,
Flicker within my memory like flame!

HON. ELEANOUR NORTON

THE OLD CLOCK OF PRAGUE

THERE'S a curious clock in the city of Prague —
A remarkable old astronomical clock —
With a dial whose outline is that of an egg,
And with figures and fingers a wonderful stock.

It announces the dawn and the death of the day,
Shows the phases of moons and the changes of tides,
Counts the months and the years as they vanish away,
And performs quite a number of marvels besides.

At the left of the dial a skeleton stands;
And aloft hangs a musical bell in the tower,
Which he rings, by a rope that he holds in his hands,
In his punctual function of striking the hour.

And the skeleton nods, as he tugs at the rope,
At an odd little figure that eyes him aghast,
As a hint that the bell rings the knell of his hope,
And the hour that is solemnly tolled is his last.

And the effigy turns its queer features away
(Much as if for a snickering fit or a sneeze),
With a shrug and a shudder, that struggle to say:
"Pray excuse me, but — just an hour more, if you
please!"

But the funniest sight, of the numerous sights
Which the clock has to show to the people below,
Is the Holy Apostles in tunics and tights,
Who revolve in a ring, or proceed in a row.

Their appearance can hardly be counted sublime;
And their movements are formal, it must be allowed;
But they're prompt, for they always appear upon time,
And polite, for they bow very low to the crowd.

This machine (so reliable papers record)
Was the work, from his own very clever design
Of one Hanusch, who died in the year of our Lord
One thousand four hundred and ninety and nine.

Did the people receive it with honor? you ask;
Did it bring a reward to the builder? Ah, well!

It was proper that they should have paid for the task!
And they did, in a way that it shocks me to tell.

For suspecting that Hanusch might grow to be vain,
Or that cities around them might covet their prize,
They invented a story that he was insane,
And, to stop him from labor, extinguished his eyes!

But the cunning old artist, though dying in shame,
May be sure that he labored and lived not amiss;
For his clock has outlasted the foes of his fame,
And the world owes him much for a lesson like this:

That a private success is a public offence,
That a citizen's fame is a city's disgrace,
And that both should be shunned by a person of sense
Who would live with a whole pair of eyes in his face.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

SWITZERLAND

AN ALPINE PICTURE

Stand here and look, and softly draw your breath
Lest the dread avalanche come crashing down!
How many leagues away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath
Our feet lies summer; here a realm of death,
Where never flower has blossomed nor bird flown.
The ancient water-courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
And peak on peak against the stainless blue
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O tell me, love, if this be Switzerland —
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

HYMN

Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night, and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me — Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL SPIRIT of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON

LAKE LEMAN

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,

Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: —
All heaven and earth are still. From the high host,
Of stars to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam nor air nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

. . . . . .

The sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

LORD BYRON

WILLIAM TELL

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart, they could not tame;
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heavens blow.
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

EFFUSION

In Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf.

This tower stands upon the spot where grew the linden tree against which his son is said to have been placed, when the father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss story.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold!
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down — the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk receive a boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:

He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles — the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LAKE LEMAN

IT is the sacred hour: above the far
Low emerald hills that northward fold,
Calmly, upon the blue the evening star
Floats, wreathed in dusky gold.
The winds have sung all day; but now they lie
Faint, sleeping; and the evening sounds awake.
The slow bell tolls across the water: I
Am haunted by the spirit of the lake.
It seems as though the sounding of the bell
Intoned the low song of the water-soul,
And at some moments I can hardly tell
The long-resounding echo from the toll.
O thou mysterious lake, thy spell
Holds all who round thy fruitful margin dwell.
Oft have I seen home-going peasants' eyes
Lit with the peace that emanates from thee.
Those who among thy waters plunge, arise
Filled with new wisdom and serenity.
Thy veins are in the mountains. I have heard,
Down-stretched beside thee at the silent noon,
With leaning head attentive to thy word,
A secret and delicious mountain-tune,
Proceeding as from many shadowed hours
In ancient forests carpeted with flowers,
Or far, where hidden waters, wandering

Through banks of snow, trickle, and meet, and sing.
Ah, what repose at noon to go,
Lean on thy bosom, hold thee with wide hands,
And listen for the music of the snow!
But most, as now,
When harvest covers thy surrounding lands,
I love thee, with a coronal of sheaves
Crowned regent of the day;
And on the air thy placid breathing leaves
A scent of corn and hay.
For thou hast gathered (as a mother will
The sayings of her children in her heart)
The harvest-thoughts of reapers on the hill,
When the cool rose and honeysuckle fill
The air, and fruit is laden on the cart.
Thou breathest the delight
Of summer evening at the deep-roofed farm,
And meditation of the summer night,
When the enravished earth is lying warm
From recent kisses of the conquering sun.

Dwell as a spirit in me, O thou one
Sweet natural presence. In the years to be
When all the mortal loves perchance are done,
Them I will bid farewell, but, oh, not thee.
I love thee. When the youthful visions fade,
Fade thou not also in the hopeless past.
Be constant and delightful, as a maid
Sought over all the world, and found at last.

HAROLD MONRO

MONUMENT AT LUCERNE

To the Swiss Guard massacred at the assault on the Tuileries, A.D, 1792

When maddened France shook her King's palace floor,
Nobly, heroic Swiss, ye met your doom.
Unflinching martyr to the oath he swore,
Each steadfast soldier faced a certain tomb.

Not for your own, but others' claims ye died:
The steep, hard path of fealty called to tread,
Threatened or soothed, ye never turned aside,
But held right on, where fatal duty led!

Reverent we stand beside the sculptured rock,
Your cenotaph,— Helvetia's grateful stone;
And mark in wonderment, the breathing block,
Thorwaldsen's glorious trophy! — in your own.

Yon dying lion is your monument!
Type of majestic suffering, the brave brute,
Human almost, in mighty languishment
Lies wounded, not subdued; and, proudly mute,

Seems as for some great cause, resigned to die:
And, hardly less than hero's parting breath,
Speaks to the spirit, through the admiring eye,
Of courage, faith, and honorable death.

John Kenyon

TO THE RIVER RHONE

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests! — at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

SPAIN

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

James Russell Lowell

CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemain,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed;
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
  White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat, —
  All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
  O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
  His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
  Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
  Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
  The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
  At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
  The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream, —
Granada by its winding stream,
  The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
  Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
  The hills with snow are white.

Ah, yes, the hills are white with snow,
  And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
  The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
  The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
  The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
  With flowers that hide the rents of time,
Stands now the Past that I have known;
Castles in Spain, not built of stone
But of white summer cloud, and blown
  Into this little mist of rhyme!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE BELLS OF RONCEVAUX

You can hear them as you go
  While the mules creep higher, higher

Where the torrents overflow
  And each summit lifts a spire;
  Through the vales you hear them soaring
  In a silvery chant adoring —
Hark, the bells of Roncevaux!

Lone the proud old abbey stands
  Dreaming over lost Navarre;
Stony lie the folded hands.
  Stony gaze by lamp and star
They who lit the world of story
With the soul's first glint of glory —
  'Neath the bells of Roncevaux.

Knightly comrades, row on row
  In their mountain shrine, forgotten
By their feudal towns below,—
  There they lie — Fame's first-begotten —
Helms collapsed and hauberks rust —
Dust where all the stars are dust —
  Round the bells of Roncevaux.

Through our hearts their visions steal
  Out of ancient midnights telling
How they woke the Christmas peal,
  How their Easter chimes went swelling
Through the springtime morns of old
Ere the world was deaf and cold
  To the bells of Roncevaux.

THOMAS WALSH

CASTILIAN

Velasquez took a pliant knife
And scraped his palette clean;
He said, "I lead a dog's own life
Painting a king and queen."

He cleaned his palette with oily rags
And oakum from Seville wharves;
"I am sick of painting painted hags
And bad ambiguous dwarves.

"The sky is silver, the clouds are pearl,
Their locks are looped with rain.
I will not paint Maria's girl
For all the money in Spain."

He washed his face in water cold,
His hands in turpentine;
He squeezed out colour like coins of gold
And colour like drops of wine.

Each colour lay like a little pool
On the polished cedar wood;
Clear and pale and ivory-cool
Or dark as solitude.

He burnt the rags in the fireplace
And leaned from the window high;
He said, "I like that gentleman's face
Who wears his cap awry."

This is the gentleman, there he stands,
Castilian, sombre-caped,

With arrogant eyes, and narrow hands
Miraculously shaped.

ELINOR WYLIE

ZULOAGA

SARDONIC master, you that dare betray
With piercing vision and relentless hand
The mournful features of a sombre land
Where youth and love and hope have had their day;
Your silken senoritas, lissome, gay,
With soulless eyes inanimately bland;
Your tinsel toreadors that idly stand
Against the mountain's monotone of gray; —

What are they but the puppets of romance
Worn threadbare, tarnished by an evil time;
But gallant still for all their sad mischance,
A pageant of the glories that remain
Where towered once, exultant and sublime,
The grim and splendid chivalry of Spain.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

SPANISH SONG

UNDER my window Dolores sings,
Polishing pots of brass,
Rose in her hair and ears with rings,
Voice of the wind in the grass.

Whine of Arabian minor strains,
Drone of a soul that thrills,

Crying of mountains that love will leap,
Princes who ride from the hills.

Down in the garden Dolores sings,
Under catalpa trees;
All of the lovers who fill her songs,
Only Dolores sees.

O lover of mine
From the south of Spain,
With kisses of wine
And lips of pain.

Thus with your pots and your candlesticks,
Sing, Dolores, at ease!
Though never a lover step out of the songs,
Under catalpa trees;
Though never a prince or a mountain man,
You can always sing to a copper pan.

CHARLES DIVINE

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA

THE ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the air,
They loop their lace mantillas, a red rose in their hair;
Upon the road Delicias their little horses run,
And tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go every one.

Beside the Guadalquivir, by orange-scented way,
The ladies of Sevilla they come at cool of day;
They wave their fans coquettish, their black eyes gleam
and glow,
And all their little carriage bells a-jingle, jingle, go.

There, too, the caballeros drive in the perfumed breeze,
Upon the road Delicias among the flowering trees;
Beneath their brown sombreros their dark eyes flame and
flash,
And all their little horses' bells right merrily they crash.

Beside the Guadalquivir the hours are very fair,
The nightingale is tuning upon the scented air;
Oh, laughing Andalusia, beloved of the sun,
Your merry, merry little bells, they call me every one.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

EVENING

SPAIN

AND when night comes they will sing serenades
Under the open windows,
The lattices will not be shut,
The Moon will wander through the houses:
Spain herself with the voices of the past in her soul
Will sit in the shadows,
And kiss the petals of roses,
And drop them warm to her lovers below.

With the low thrumming of guitars,
With the gold throbbing of stars,
With the purple heaving of the seas,
With the glimmer of fading white walls
She drops her dusky hair over my soul;
O Spain, I am soul-drunken with thee,
I am intoxicated with the scent of thy garments,
I am a river delirious under the Moon

In whose bosom forests and stars and maidens
And innumerable worlds are singing.

With the low thrumming of guitars,
With white arms hanging from the lattices
From clouds of dim hair indistinguishable from the night
The souls of the serenaders are drunken,
Their voices murmur heavily like beetles
Wandering in a blur of flowers:
Spain is glimmering in those white arms,
The flowers float up in the dim darkness,
The shadows fill with her hair;
She has escaped into the palpitating night
Leaving a heap of scented garments —
In her dark room weeps the moonlight.

. . . . . .

The night is empty, emptier is the day,
That secret loveliness has passed away;
The sun is burning and the houses lie
Bare and untidy to the airless sky,
The sea is glass, a smooth and glittering pane,
The flies sleep in the dust. This is Spain.

W. J. Turner

TARANTELLA

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,

And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in —
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:

Only the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

HILAIRE BELLOC

GORGIO LAD

GORGIO LAD, my tribe are waiting.
Here at your garden's gate we part.
The Romany heart with the road is mating,
The caravan's ready to start,
And it's I that must wander, wander, wander.
Gardens a-many with never a wall
Are blossoming back of the skyline yonder.
Gorgio lad, they call!

Strong are your arms, but the wind is stronger.
It blows me out as the dust is blown.
Love as I may, I can stay no longer.
Dreaming at dusk alone
It's I will be sighing, sighing, sighing
Seeing your eyes in the campfire's glow,
But — this is the call there is no denying.
Gorgio lad, I go.

Heart to my heart once more — then let me
Slip from your world as the sunset goes.
Just as a falling star, regret me,
Just as a fading rose,
For it's I must be roving, roving, roving
At the will of the wind between earth and sky.
There are butterfly wings on a gypsy's loving.
Gorgio lad, good-bye.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE ROAD TO GRANADA

All day, the burning furnace of the plain;
Bare mountains white with sun — the distances
Breathless, unbroken, save where olive trees
Spent their scant shade and weary fields of grain
Ebbed in the heat like an enchanted main
On the wrapt shores of some Hesperides.
Still little towns — as sun besieged as these,
A hill-top tower glimpsed and lost again —
Who guessed this wonder at the journey's close?
The shining towers, the leafy long Ravine,
Shadows and murmuring water everywhere!
Above, Sierra with its crown of snow —
And, midway-set, in gardens, hung in air,
Alhambra, throned and lovely like a queen!

Arthur Ketchum

GRANADA

Cherry-blossoms at Granada,
White against white peaks of snows;
Rosy sunsets at Granada
Kindling those far peaks of snows;
Silver rains and fruit-tree petals
Fluttering like drifts of snows;
Arched above the cloud-crowned mountains
Thin miraculous rainbows.
How they shone and melted downward,
Slipped between the cherry blows;
And at eve the nightingales
In their water-loving eyries
Of the Garden of Adarves

Sang an opening interlude
To the listening white iris.

In the ivory Court of Lions
Hum the multitudinous bees,
Through the airy subtile ceilings
Interlaced like slender trees.
In and out and singing, seeking,
Went the ancient Moorish bees
Through the fairy honeycombing
Of the Moorish masonries.
Sons of the Alhambra they,
Fashion-makers of the lovely
Architectural mysteries
Which we wonder at, to-day.
Were they spirits of the craftsmen,
Winged, gossamer and gray,
Haunting their own bee-like palace
For that sole enchanted day?

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

IN A GARDEN OF GRANADA

THE city rumour rises all the day
Across the potted plants along the wall;
The sun and winds upon the slopes hold sway,
Tossing the dust and shadows in a squall.

The sun is old and weary — weary here
Upon the ageing roofs and miradors,
The broken terraces and basins drear
Where each old bell its ancient echoes pours.

Ringing — what memories to ring — to those
That linger here — the lizard and the cat,
That haunt these solitudes in state morose
Through the long day their silent habitat.

Untroubled, — save when in the moonlight steals
Some voice in song across the lower wall,
And sudden magic each old rafter feels,
The while the echoes round it rise and fall.

For as the wail of love or sorrow rings
Along the night soft steps are on the stair
And pathway; in the broken window wings
Are stirring, and white arms are lolling there.

And that old rose tree lifts its head anew,
And there is perfume o'er the hills afar,
From where Alhambra's crescent cleaves the blue
To where agleam Genil and Darro are.

O Voice! — what is thy necromantic word
That all Granada waits adown the years?
Is it the sound some love-swept night has heard? —
The cry of love amid the cry of tears? —

THOMAS WALSH

PROPERTY

I HAVE an endless garden . . . and I don't know where it is,
For I found and lost the title in a castle in Cadiz.
There are many little garden-gates, creaking like gulls,
And a sea full of ships there, with gold on their hulls . . .
But why so many ships and why so many gates,
Only my lost title-deed in Cadiz relates.

I have the tallest tower there that ever touched the blue,
But since I don't know where it is, I don't know what
to do . . .
For I went there in a dream once, a wild way-faring,
Glad and magnificent beyond all caring . . .
I wish I had the reason now that then I had
For being so magnificent and being so glad.
But who knows the measure of the distance to fare?
I hurried back to Cadiz. The castle wasn't there.
They told me that a mist had come and arrows of rain
And then a gust of darkness — and every window-pane
And doorway of the castle had vanished in Cadiz . . .
And what can you do with property, when you don't know
where it is?

WITTER BYNNER

THE GIRL OF CADIZ

OH, never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,

You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who, — when fondly, fairly won, —
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold, —
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,

Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins Devotion's choral band
To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper, —

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

LORD BYRON

TURN, CHEESES, TURN

Green cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!
Where the orange-lanterns mellow
Moonlight green to flossy yellow,
Where red torches burn.

In bright scarves and white chemises,
In the frill'd and flouncy cheeses
Of the farthingale,
Turn the Spanish maids and ladies
On the seaward place of Cadiz
At the Virgen's sale.

Such a festival of colour
Were a thing unknown in duller
Northern climes of ours;
Whitest rose to purplest pansy,
All the tones that painters fancy,
Through the scale of flowers,

And against the mat of blossoms,
Scarlet lips and amber bosoms
Flit like tempest-lights,
Till the market's many tables
Seem a garden from the fables
Of Arabian nights.

'Tis the night which priestly learning,
Knowing then all hearts are yearning,
All forms are fair,
Consecrates unto the Virgen,
For all hearts and lips to merge in
One perfumèd prayer.

And there is a superstition
That if Hope would have fruition,
Love-wish come to be,
One must turn and drop nine "cheeses":
Three for the Father, three for Jesus,
For the Mother, three,

On this evening of St. Mary,
In the market annuary
Where all flower-kinds join,
Then of garden-girl or grass-man,
Buy a spotless sprig of jasmine
With a virgen coin.

If this sprig with Aves laden,
Be presented to the Maiden,
In her chapel niche,
Love will come: in Knightly armour,
Or in Court-robes — as the charmer
Who may call it, wish.

This is why all maids and ladies,
On the seaward place of Cadiz,
Where red torches burn,
— Green cheese and yellow laces —
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn.

DANIEL HENRY HOLMES

GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock, which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill!

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died
away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance, dawned Gibraltar grand
and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: — how can I help
England?" — say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and
pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning

ITALY

ITALIA, IO TI SALUTO!

To come back from the sweet South, to the North
  Where I was born, bred, look to die;
Come back to do my day's work in its day,
    Play out my play —
  Amen, amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own,
  Nor hear the half familiar speech,
Amen, I say; I turn to that bleak North
    Whence I came forth —
  The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South,
  To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
    On the old wise,
  And the sweet name to my mouth.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

TO ITALY

OCTOBER, 1918

FAIR land of dear desire,
Where Beauty like a gleam
Has waked the hidden fire
Of what our souls would dream!

Where shining ilex glistens,
And cypress' sombre shade

Above dim fountains listens
In some forgotten glade.

Oh! land of dear desire,
Thy beauty sweeps again
My heart with sudden fire
And burns away its pain.

I dream with Perugino
On some far Umbrian hill,
Or pray with sweet St. Francis
Till this world's fret is still.

Until my soul reposes
As once, unscourged he lay,
Amid the thornless roses
Until the break of day.

Dear Saint, who was the brother
Of every living thing,
Could we to one another
Thy gracious message bring,

The world renewed, awaking,
Would shed the shattered, torn,
Grim night of its own making,
And pledge a peace reborn.

Fair land of dear desire,
Thy beauty like a gleam
Shall kindle and inspire
What all our souls would dream!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

CADENABBIA

Lake of Como

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
  The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
  I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
  Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
  Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
  Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
  Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
  I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
  Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
  Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
  Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
  The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
  By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvic Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BELLS OF VARENNA

DROWSY and sweet along the Larian Lake
Your melody is stealing;
Your fitful pealing
Floats on the pinion of a summer night.
Aloft the murmuring upland echoes wake

And wing upon the mountains,
Whence flying fountains
Thin their wild whiteness out o'er many a height,
Bells of Varenna,
Bells of Varenna—
Ancient bells,
Solemn bells,
Bells,
Bells.

A tall grey campanile and a spire
Of russet red upspringing,
Meet for your ringing,
O most melodious, mediæval chime,
Arise and point with fane of moonlight fire
To forests and snow ridges
And far-flung bridges
And ruined castles of the olden time,
Bells of Varenna,
Bells of Varenna—
Dulcet bells,
Dreaming bells,
Bells,
Bells.

Along a floor of crystal, where the moon,
From her blue mansion bending,
Awaits the sending
Of your deep benison and soft 'good night,'
Canorous cadence comes. Too soon, too soon,
Faint off the last far throbbing
And silver sobbing
By Como's patined pathway, still and bright,

Bells of Varenna,
Bells of Varenna —
Sleeping bells,
Weary bells,
Bells,
Bells.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THE WHITE PEACOCK

HERE where the sunlight
Floodeth the garden,
Where the pomegranate
Reareth its glory
Of gorgeous blossom;
Where the oleanders
Dream through the noontides;
And, like surf o' the sea
Round cliffs of basalt,
The thick magnolias
In billowy masses
Front the sombre green of the ilexes:
Here where the heat lies
Pale blue in the hollows,
Where blue are the shadows
On the fronds of the cactus,
Where pale blue the gleaming
Of fir and cypress,
With the cones upon them
Amber or glowing
With virgin gold:
Here where the honey-flower
Makes the heat fragrant,

As though from the gardens
Of Gulistan,
Where the bulbul singeth
Through a mist of roses
A breath were borne:
Here where the dream-flowers,
The cream-white poppies
Silently waver,
And where the Scirocco,
Faint in the hollows,
Foldeth his soft white wings in the sunlight,
And lieth sleeping
Deep in the heart of
A sea of white violets:
Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty
Moveth in silence, and dreamlike, and slowly,
White as a snow-drift in mountain-valleys
When softly upon it the gold light lingers:
White as the foam o' the sea that is driven
O'er billows of azure agleam with sun-yellow:
Cream-white and soft as the breasts of a girl,
Moves the White Peacock, as though through the noontide
A dream of the moonlight were real for a moment.
Dim on the beautiful fan that he spreadeth,
Foldeth and spreadeth abroad in the sun-light,
Dim on the cream-white are blue adumbrations,
Shadows so pale in their delicate blueness
That visions they seem as of vanishing violets,
The fragrant white violets veined with azure,
Pale, pale as the breath of blue smoke in far woodlands.
Here, as the breath, as the soul of this beauty,
White as a cloud through the heats of the noontide
Moves the White Peacock.

WILLIAM SHARP

WHITE PEACOCKS

Once at Isola Bella,
With sunset in the sky,
We stood on the topmost terrace —
You and I.

Around us Lago Maggiore,
Incomparably fair,
Gave back the hues of heaven
To the Italian air.

Then up the marble terrace,
Below the cypress trees,
Came a flock of milk-white peacocks
With fans spread to the breeze.

Rose-pink on each outspread feather,
Rose-pink upon the crest —
Never were birds in plumage
So ravishingly drest!

Wherever we walked, they followed,
Stately at our feet;
No picture so enchanting
Will any hour repeat.

And here in the murky city
Those milk-white peacocks seem
To follow and follow me ever,
Like ghosts of a haunting dream.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

FROM THE SPIRE OF MILAN CATHEDRAL

Shrouded in grey
The city lay,
And the fog and the gargoyles were friends that day
When high in the spire I took my stand,
And scanned
The dull panorama for signs of fabled Switzerland.

Lashes of vapor veiled the sun-god's glance,
Thick as doubt and grey as ignorance.
But — suddenly —
Apollo shook his bright head free;
And now there glowed, in a world new-born,
Monte Rosa and Matterhorn,
And now haze-curtains of saffron and rose, —
Turning their prose
To poetry —
From Viso and Bernard and Blanc were torn.
And I thought how the mists of my morning had melted away
When maturity looked with the eyes of the day,
And I pondered what ultimate ranges the noon might disclose,
That still remained shrouded in grey.

Robert Haven Schauffler

UMBRIA

Deep Italian day with a wide-washed splendour fills
Umbria green with valleys, blue with a hundred hills.
Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock faint as a cloud

Rumours Rome, that of old spoke over earth, "Thou art mine!"
Mountain shouldering mountain circles us forest-browed
Heaped upon each horizon in fair uneven line;
And white as on builded altars tipped with a vestal flame
City on city afar from the thrones of the mountains shine,
Kindling, for us that name them, many a memoried fame,
Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the heart like wine.
Pilgrim-desired Assisi is there; Spoleto proud
With Rome's imperial arches, with hanging woods divine:
Monte Falco hovers above the hazy vale
Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars pale;
O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.
And over this Umbrian earth — from where with bright snow spread
Towers abrupt Leonessa, huge, like a dragon's chine,
To western Ammiata's mist-apparelled head,
Ammiata that sailors watch on wide Tyrrhenian waves, —
Lie in the jealous gloom of cold and secret shrine
Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber hewn in old rock caves,
Hiding their dreams from the light, the austere Etruscan dead.
O lone forests of oak and little cyclamens red
Flowering under shadowy silent boughs benign!
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed!
Hedges of dewy hawthorn and wild woodbine!
Now as the eastern ranges flush and the high air chills
Blurring meadowy vale, blackening heaths of pine,
Now as in distant Todi, loftily-towered — a sign
To wearying travellers — lights o'er hollow Tiber gleam,
Now our voices are stilled and our eyes are given to a dream,

As night, upbringing o'er us the ancient stars anew,
Stars that triumphing Cæsar and tender Francis knew,
With fancied voices mild, august, immortal, fills
Umbria dim with valleys, dark with a hundred hills.

LAURENCE BINYON

ETRUSCAN TOMBS

To think the face we love shall ever die,
  And be the indifferent earth, and know us not!
To think that one of us shall live to cry
  On one long buried in a distant spot!

O wise Etruscans, faded in the night
  Yourselves, with scarce a rose-leaf on your trace;
You kept the ashes of the dead in sight,
  And shaped the vase to seem the vanished face.

But, O my love, my life is such an urn
  That tender memories mould with constant touch,
Until the dust and earth of it they turn
  To your dear image that I love so much:

A sacred urn, filled with the sacred past,
That shall recall you while the clay shall last.

These cinerary urns with human head
  And human arms that dangle at their sides,
The earliest potters made them for their dead,
  To keep the mother's ashes or the bride's.

O rude attempt of some long-spent despair —
With symbol and with emblem discontent —
To keep the dead alive and as they were,
The actual features and the glance that went!

The anguish of your art was not in vain,
For lo, upon these alien shelves removed
The sad immortal images remain,
And show that once they lived and once you loved.

But oh, when I am dead may none for me
Invoke so drear an immortality!

III

Beneath the branches of the olive yard
Are roots where cyclamen and violet grow;
Beneath the roots the earth is deep and hard,
And there a king was buried long ago.

The peasants digging deeply in the mould
Cast up the autumn soil about the place,
And saw a gleam of unexpected gold,
And underneath the earth a living face.

With sleeping lids and rosy lips he lay,
Among the wreaths and gems that mark the king,
One moment; then a little dust and clay
Fell shrivelled over wreath and urn and ring.

A carven slab recalls his name and deeds,
Writ in a language no man living reads.

IV

Here lies the tablet graven in the past,
  Clear-charactered and firm and fresh of line.
See, not a word is gone; and yet how fast
  The secret no man living may divine!

What did he choose for witness in the grave?
  A record of his glory on the earth?
The wail of friends? The pæans of the brave?
  The sacred promise of the second birth?

The tombs of ancient Greeks in Sicily
  Are sown with slender discs of graven gold
Filled with the praise of death: thrice happy he
  Who sleeps the milk-soft sleep of dreams untold.

They sleep their patient sleep in altered lands,
The golden promise in their fleshless hands.

A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux)

VENICE

Venice anadyomene! City of reflections! A cloud of rose and violet poised upon a changing sea. City of soft waters washing marble stairways, of feet moving over stones with the continuous sound of slipping water. Floating, wavering city, shot through with the silver threads of water, woven with the green-gold of flowing water, your marble Rivas block the tides as they sweep in over the Lagoons, your towers fling golden figures of Fortune into the carnation sky at sunset, the polished marble of the walls of old palaces burns red to the flaring torches set in cressets before your doors. Strange city,

belonging neither to earth nor water, where the slender spandrels of vines melt into the carvings of arched windows, and crabs ferry themselves through the moon-green water rippling over the steps of a decaying church.

Where is there such another city? She has taken all the Orient to herself. She has treated with Barbarossa, with Palæologus, with the Pope, the Tzar, the Caliph, the Sultan, and the Grand Khan. Her returning vessels have discharged upon the mole, metals and jewels, pearls from the Gulf of Oman, silks from Damascus, camel's-hair fabrics from Erzeroum. The columns of Saint John of Acre have been landed on her jetties, and the great lions from the Piræus. Now she rests and glitters, holding her treasures lightly, taking them for granted, chatting among the fringes, and tinkling sherbet spoons of an evening in the dark shadow of the Campanile.

Soft night falling upon Venice. Summer night over the moon-city, the flower-city. *Fiore di Mare!* Garden of lights in the midst of dark waters, your star-blossoms will be quenched, the strings of your guitars will snap and slacken. Nights, you will gird on strange armour, and grow loud and strident. But now — The gilded horses shimmer above the portico of Saint Mark's! How still they are, and powerful. Pride, motion, activity set in a frozen patience.

AMY LOWELL

VENICE

A FRAGMENT

'TIS midnight — but it is not dark
Within thy spacious place, Saint Mark!

The Lights within, the Lamps without,
Shine above the revel rout.
The brazen Steeds are glittering o'er
The holy building's massy door,
Glittering with their collars of gold,
The goodly work of the days of old —
And the wingèd Lion stern and solemn
Frowns from the height of his hoary column,
Facing the palace in which doth lodge
The ocean-city's dreaded Doge.
The palace is proud — but near it lies,
Divided by the "Bridge of Sighs,"
The dreary dwelling where the State
Enchains the captives of their hate:
These — they perish or they pine;
But which their doom may none divine:
Many have pass'd that Arch of pain,
But none retraced their steps again.

It is a princely colonnade!
And wrought around a princely place,
When that vast edifice display'd
Looks with its venerable face
Over the far and subject sea,
Which makes the fearless isles so free!
And 'tis a strange and noble pile,
Pillar'd into many an aisle:
Every pillar fair to see,
Marble — jasper — and porphyry —
The church of Saint Mark — which stands hard by
With fretted pinnacles on high,
And Cupola and minaret;
More like the mosque of orient lands,

Than the fanes wherein we pray,
And Mary's blessèd likeness stands.

LORD BYRON

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

OH, Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.

What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants
were the kings,
Where Saint Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the
sea with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by
. . . what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept
the carnival:
I was never out of England — it's as if I saw it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was
warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-
day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do
you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red, —
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on
its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might
base his head?

Well, and it was graceful of them — they'd break talk off
and afford
— She to bite her mask's black velvet — he, to finger on
his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavi-
chord?

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished,
sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions
— "Must we die?"
Those commiserating sevenths — "Life might last! we
can but try!"

"Were you happy?" — "Yes." — "And are you still as
happy?" — "Yes. And you?"
— "Then, more kisses!" — "Did *I* stop them, when a
million seemed so few?"
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered
to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you,
I dare say!
"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and
gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one
by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as
well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never
see the sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor
swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close
reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I creep through
every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house
was burned:

"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what
Venice earned.
The soul, doubtless, is immortal — where a soul can be
discerned.

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of
geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their
degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction, — you'll not die, it
cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and
drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly
were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to
stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart
to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too — what's become of
all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and
grown old.

ROBERT BROWNING

IN A GONDOLA

SUGGESTED BY MENDELSSOHN'S ANDANTE IN G MINOR BOOK I, LIED 6, OF THE "LIEDER OHNE WORTE"

IN Venice! This night so delicious — its air
Full of moonlight and passionate snatches of song,
And quick cries, and perfume of romances, which throng

To my brain, as I steal down this marble sea-stair,
And my gondola comes.
And I hear the slow, rhythmical weep of the oar
Drawing near and more near — and the noise of the prow —
And the sharp, sudden splash of her stoppage — and now
I step in; we are off o'er the street's heaving floor,
As my gondola glides
Away, past these palaces silent and dark,
Looming ghostly and grim o'er their bases, where clings
Rank seaweed that gleams flecked with light as it swings
To the plash of the waves, where they reach the tide-mark
On the porphyry blocks — with a song full of dole,
A forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

And the wind seems to sigh through that lattice rust-gnawn
A low dirge for the past; the sweet past when it played
In the pearl-braided hair of some beauty, who stayed
But one shrinking half-minute — her mantle close-drawn
O'er the swell of her bosom and cheeks passion-pale,
Ere her lover came by, and they kissed. "They are clay,
Those fire-hearted men with the regal pulse-play;
They are dust!" sighs the wind with its whisper of wail:
"Those women snow-pure, flower-sweet, passion-pale!"
And the waves make reply with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

Dust — those lovers! But Love ever lives, ever new,
Still the same: so we shoot into bustle and light,
And lamps from the festal casinos stream bright

On the ripples — and here's the Rialto in view;
And black gondolas, spirit-like, cross or slide past,
And the gondoliers cry to each other; a song
Far away, from sweet voices in tune, dies along
The waters moon-silvered. So on to the vast
Shadowy span of an arch where the oar-echoes leap
Through chill gloom from the marble; then moonlight once more,
And laughter and strum of guitars from the shore,
And sonorous bass-music of bells booming deep
From Saint Mark's. Still those waves with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

Here the night is voluptuous with odorous sighs
From verandas o'erstarred with dim jessamine flowers,
Their still scent deep-stirred by the tremulous showers
Of a nightingale's notes as his song swells and dies —
While my gondola glides.

Dust — those lovers! — who floated and dreamed long ago,
Gazed and languished and loved, on these waters, — where I
Float and dream and gaze up in the still summer sky
Whence the great stars look down — as they did long ago;
Where the moon seems to dream with my dreaming — disc-hid
In a gossamer veil of white cirrhus — then breaks
The dream-spell with a pensive half-smile, as she wakes
To new splendor. But lo! while I mused we have slid
From the open — the stir — down a lonely laneway

Into hush and dark shadow: fresh smells of the sea
Come cool from beyond; a faint lamp mistily
Hints fair shafts and quaint arches, in crumbling decay;
And the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola glides.

Then the silent lagune stretched away through the night,
And the stars, — and the fairy-like city behind,
Domes and spires rising spectral and dim: till the mind
Becomes tranced in a vague, subtle maze of delight;
And I float in a dream, lose the present — or seem
To have lived it before. Then a sense of deep bliss,
Just to breathe — to exist —in a night such as this:
Just to feel what I feel, drowns all else. But the gleam
Of the lights, as we turn to the city once more,
And the music, and clangor of bells booming slow,
And this consummate vision, Saint Mark's! — the star-glow
For a background — crowns all. Then I step out on shore:
The Piazzetta! my life-dream accomplished at last,
(As my gondola goes.)
I am *here:* here alone with the ghost of the Past!
But the waves still break in with their song full of dole,
Their forlorn barcarole,
As my gondola goes;
And the pulse of the oar swept through silvery spray
Dies away in the gloom, dies away, dies away —
Dies away — dies away —!

JOHN TODHUNTER

BARCAROLE

On the winding ways of Venice
Where there's little chance for tennis,
  But spumone, zabaione
    And chianti sweetly cheer,
Went a roving Yankee Doodler
(A canoedelling canoedler)
  With a shambling, gambling,
    Rambling, scrambling,
      Gondolling gondolier.

Past San Marco's gorgeous duomo
Where the local *genus homo*
  Works at guiding, thus providing
    For his wives and children dear,
Past the Palace of the Doges
With its loges and gamboges
  Rowed the shyly smiley,
    Highly wily,
      Gondolling gondolier.

Through the narrow canaletti
Where they hang the fresh spaghetti
  For the savor and the flavor
    Which pervade the atmosphere,
Through the redolent Rialto,
Singing tenor and contralto,
  Oared the chanting, ranting,
    Gallivanting,
      Gondolling gondolier.

Then across to view the Lido
Where the universal credo

Is, "We need you and we bleed you
And we're here because we're here,"
On the azure Adriatic
In his cockle-shell piratic
Steered the dashing, plashing,
Crimson-sashing,
Gondolling gondolier.

At the hour when rising Luna
Silvers all the calm laguna,
When the pasti and the asti
On the festal board appear,
Where the gondole are stranded
Was the stranger safely landed
By the daring, flaring,
Earring-wearing,
Gondolling gondolier.

"Give-a lire hundre'-twenty
For da trippa longa plenty!"
In such argot to his cargo
Spake that licensed buccaneer.
"Why, you darned Venetian boodler!"
Cried the wrathful Yankee Doodler
To the overcharging,
Fee-enlarging,
Gondolling gondolier.

But the boatman swore, "Sapristi!
I go tella da Fascisti!"
So the rover forked it over
Using language quite severe

As he blustered, "Call me Dennis,
But I'll stay and warn all Venice
Of the thieving, reaving,
Arch-deceiving,
Gondolling gondolier!"

So the Yankee, never flitting,
On the Molo still is sitting,
Objurgating, comminating
That aquatic profiteer,
Who inhales his vermicelli
Singing scandalous stornelli,
Oh, the shameless, tameless,
Fameless, nameless,
Gondolling gondolier!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SELECTION FROM "DIPSYCHUS"

IN A GONDOLA

AFLOAT; we move. Delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life, as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,

Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,
For ever thus — thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than exprest
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
And all in moonlight seem to swim!
In moonlight is it now, or shade?
In planes of sure division made,
By angles sharp of palace walls
The clear light and the shadow falls.
(How light we go, how softly! Ah,
Life should be as the gondola!)

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

EVENING

Ponte al Mare, Pisa

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled — but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

SHELLEY'S SKYLARK

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LEGHORN: MARCH, 1887

SOMEWHERE afield here something lies
In Earth's oblivious eyeless trust
That moved a poet to prophecies —
A pinch of unseen, unguarded dust:

The dust of the lark that Shelley heard,
And made immortal through times to be; —
Though it only lived like another bird,
And knew not its immortality:

Lived its meek life; then, one day, fell —
A little ball of feather and bone;
And how it perished, when piped farewell,
And where it wastes, are alike unknown.

Maybe it rests in the loam I view,
Maybe it throbs in a myrtle's green,
Maybe it sleeps in the coming hue
Of a grape on the slopes of yon inland scene.

Go find it, faeries, go and find
That tiny pinch of priceless dust,
And bring a casket silver-lined,
And framed of gold that gems encrust;

And we will lay it safe therein,
And consecrate it to endless time;
For it inspired a bard to win
Ecstatic heights in thought and rhyme.

THOMAS HARDY

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

IN FLORENCE

O Tuscan days, my true, gold-hearted days,
With thy deep skies and fleecy clouds afloat,
Like the dropped petals of some moon-pale flower;

With thy still sunset, zephyr-stirrèd hour,
Thy evening bird with thrilled melodious throat . . .
Gone, gone from me, my golden Tuscan day.

Once wert thou with me in fair Florence, crown
Of all that perfect, flower-filled Italy.
Thy name, O Florence, like a song doth fill

With memories the gray unblossoming still
That girts me round and holds me fast from thee —
From thee, O peaceful, perfect Tuscan town.

Thy lang'rous hush at even-tide just stirred
By some faint convent chime from very far,
Thy murmurous Arno speeding on its way,

And in the East a shadow wan and gray,
Kindled to brightness by a single star,
And somewhere in the West a singing bird.

All mem'ries. And the window whence my eyes
Saw Ponte Vecchio with its old-time mien,
Like some rich gem set deep in thy gold heart;

And faint Fiesole, where pale clouds start,
Dusted with leafy olive-trees, gray-green,
That fade off in the shadow-girted skies.

O Florence, my fair Florence, I would stray
Once more to-day, as in that dear dead time,
Along the streets at golden mid-noon's hour,

Till thy old Duomo and thy slender tower
Rose up before me with its mid-noon chime,
And haply step therein. All twilight gray,

With a faint trail of incense on the air,
And the low murmured hidden monotone
Of priests at holy mass. So, entered in,

How still it seemed after the city's din,
How solemn sweet the organ's vibrant tone.
I did not pray. The silence was a prayer.

Then out again into the rain of gold
Flooding the broad gay piazza everywhere . . .
A flutter of white wings, a flock of birds

Let loose, like some sweet tumult of love words,
Floating and sweeping through the sun-cleft air,
To peck the golden grain some hands would hold.

In those Spring days (Spring comes with tend'rer look,
And far more lavish hands to that sweet place,
My little Tuscan town, than to this clime,

Cold England and its fogs) I used to climb
Thy Colli, Florence — climbing, reach the place
Where thy sweet face lies stretched out like a book;

Lies stretched out like a soft smile, caught and kept
From the Past's fast-sealed lips, or like a flower
Yielding its petals up to the blue sky.

And when I strayed back to the city, I
Found all things flooded with the sunset hour
Save Ponte Vecchio, where the shadows crept.

Elsewhere at night — the amorous Tuscan night,
When the white moon had climbed the silver stair
The fair stars make for their most lowly Queen —

How sweet from out the casement far to lean,
And feel the fragrance of the dewy air,
And see the whole world bathed in silver light!

Warm Tuscan sun! in that last dreaming lull
'Twixt night and day, along the Western ways
Thy tender light hath set from me fore'er:

Set, with my first lost love, lost dream, lost prayer . . .
O Tuscan days! my true, gold-hearted days,
Thy lips are dumb, and mine are sorrowful.

Thy earth beneath my feet is cold and brown,
The skies are netted in a blank, gray shroud,
The mournful rain is dripping from the eaves . . .

Lost — like a flower too deep-sunk in the leaves;
Lost — like a white star hidden by a cloud,
I see thee now, O little Tuscan town!

CORA FABBRI

LOVE IN ITALY

THEY halted at the terrace wall;
Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
Was silent in a swoon of May.
As hand to hand spoke one soft word
Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
What part was Love, what Italy.

They knew what makes the moon more bright
Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —

The sweeter perfume in the night,
The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove,
Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love,
As Love transfigures Italy.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

ON A BUST OF DANTE

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,

Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here, — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;

That poor old exile, sad and lone,
  Is Latium's other Virgil now;
Before his name the nations bow;
  His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
  The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

BEATA BEATRIX

"Ella ha perduta la sua Beatrice:
E le parole ch'uom di lei può dire
Hanno virtù di far piangere altrui."
Vita Nuova.

AND was it thine, the light whose radiance shed
  Love's halo round the gloom of Dante's brow?
  Was thine the hand that touched his hand, and thou
  The spirit to his inmost spirit wed?
O gentle, O most pure, what shall be said
  In praise of these to whom Love's minstrels bow?
  O heart that held his heart, for ever now
  Thou with his glory shalt be garlanded.
Lo, 'mid the twilight of the waning years,
  Firenze claims once more our love, our tears:
  But thou, triumphant on the throne of song, —
By Mary seated in the realm above, —
  O give us of that gift than death more strong,
  The loving spirit that won Dante's love.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON

TWILIGHT AT FLORENCE

AGAIN the fiery fingers of the scarlet creepers write
  Their brief Autumnal message on the wall of Eremite,

Of villa and of vintage, and again the orchard sees
A low white moon entangled in her mesh of olive trees.
Down the slopes of Bellosguardo the grape leaves hold the sun,
While through the inner cloisters wan the purple shadows run;
And wide-horned oxen, homeward turned, stride rhythmic, cheek to cheek,
Fit for the sacrificial pyre of beauty-loving Greek.
Somewhere a sudden bursting of pomegranate hearted song
Such as to sultry lover throats of Italy belong!
E'er over dome and palace night wraps her silken husk,
Fiesole's enchanted lights come twinkling up the dusk;
The Arno yields another day to dreams of afterglow,
And by the open Roman gate the Westering hours go.
Climb, climb my lusty lion on the grim Bargello vane,
You will not reach the sky in time, be you however fain!
Already die the distant fires behind the cypress trees —
The vesper bells fall silent as the sleeping centuries;
While empires sink to ashes in the ragged sunset bars,
Over Galileo's tower swing Galileo's stars.

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

BY THE ARNO

THE oleander on the wall
Grows crimson in the dawning light,
Though the grey shadows of the night
Lie yet on Florence like a pall.

The dew is bright upon the hill,
And bright the blossoms overhead,

But ah! the grasshoppers have fled,
The little Attic song is still.

Only the leaves are gently stirred
By the soft breathing of the gale,
And in the almond-scented vale
The lonely nightingale is heard.

The day will make thee silent soon,
O nightingale sing on for love!
While yet upon the shadowy grove
Splinter the arrows of the moon.

Before across the silent lawn
In sea-green mist the morning steals,
And to love's frightened eyes reveals
The long white fingers of the dawn

Fast climbing up the eastern sky
To grasp and slay the shuddering night,
All careless of my heart's delight,
Or if the nightingale should die.

OSCAR WILDE

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE

SUMMITS and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!

And Giotto's captive dream (what dream has ending?)
Lifting his Florence up to God for friending.

Her dream enfolded his. She willed and waited,
Conceived her popes and princes, and created.

Mother and Muse was she of mighty singers;
Grave Dante drank her breast; the beauty-bringers

In cell and cloister felt her mood and fashioned
Mystic Madonnas palely unimpassioned,

With cherubean Babes and saints immortal,
High men and humble kneeling at the portal.

She was the pale Madonna, hers the story
Of pilgrim lords at pause before her glory.

And for the Babe she showed them Beauty solely
The while they worshipped: "Holy, O Thou holy!"

Fear was her fault, too cold a doubt of duty,
Of brows that burned, of hearts that beat, for Beauty.

So Florence fell. Yet strangely sweet and vernal
Beauty is born again in her eternal.

Summits and vales, slim cypresses and pines —
Arno and April and the Apennines!

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SAN MARCO'S BELLS

AMID dim frescoed cloisters rich
With faded saints and footworn tombs

The soul-stress of those vanished monks
Still looms.

Life upward, inward turned was full
Of spirit-stirrings, and they wrought
On altars, walls and manuscripts
Their thought.

Here raptured Fra Angelico
In heaven's azure, flame, and gold,
Portrayed his radiant visitants
Of old.

Here Benedetto's burnished chaunts
And gorgeous missals grew apace,
And gentle industries filled all
The place.

Bartolommeo anguished here
And as he painted kneeled in prayer —
Each prayer a vision, for his Lord
Was there.

Savonarola pacing slow
The prophets pondered e'er he hurled
His mad anathemas against
The world.

I wonder do they ofttimes steal
Unheeded to their lonely cells
In old San Marco when they hear
Its bells.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

And Vallombrosa, we two went to see
Last June, beloved companion, — where sublime
The mountains live in holy families,
And the slow pine-woods ever climb and climb
Half up their breasts; just stagger as they seize
Some gray crag, — drop back with it many a time,
And straggle blindly down the precipice!
The Vallombrosan brooks were strewn as thick
That June-day, knee-deep, with dead beechen leaves,
As Milton saw them ere his heart grew sick,
And his eyes blind. I think the monks and beeves
Are all the same too: scarce they have changed the wick
On good Saint Gualbert's altar; which receives
The convent's pilgrims; and the pool in front
Wherein the hill-stream trout are cast, to wait
The beatific vision, and the grunt
Used at refectory, keeps its weedy state,
To baffle saintly abbots, who would count
The fish across their breviary, nor 'bate
The measure of their steps. O waterfalls
And forests! sound and silence! mountains bare,
That leap up, peak by peak, and catch the palls
Of purple and silver mist, to rend and share
With one another, at electric calls
Of life in the sunbeams, — till we cannot dare
Fix your shapes, learn your number! we must think
Your beauty and your glory helped to fill
The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink,
That he no more was thirsty when God's will
Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link

By which he drew from Nature's visible
The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,
He sang of Adam's Paradise and smiled,
Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is
The place divine to English man and child; —
We all love Italy.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

BROWNING AT ASOLO

THIS is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves. O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder's his Venice — the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others: the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire —
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.

Yesterday he was part of it all —
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy
As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart would miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love we are that alone.
His body lies under the Minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

ASOLO

LINES FROM PIPPA PASSES

DAY!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast

Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure)
— My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

ROBERT BROWNING

PETRARCH'S TOMB

THERE is a tomb in Arquà; — reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They kept his dust in Arquà, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride, —
An honest pride, — and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

LORD BYRON

SAINT FRANCIS

The mossy paths that bore the patient herd
Had led him far beyond the burning town
By quiet pools where leaping sunbeams drown,
And as he passed the lambs knew him and stirred;
From out the tangled boughs each shy wild bird
Like loosened leaves came fluttering slowly down
Upon his ragged robe of dusty brown
To hear the gentle music of his word.

But when the night sighed through the cloudy pine
The green wood trembled with a seraph's wings, —
A moment flamed the Vision, then was gone!
Long, long he lay beneath the matted vine,
So still amid the song of waking things,
And on his body Christ's Wounds red as dawn.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

SAINT FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

LITTLE sisters, the birds:
We must praise God, you and I —
You, with songs that fill the sky,
I, with halting words.

All things tell His praise,
Woods and waters thereof sing,
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
And the nights and days.

Yea, and cold and heat,
And the sun and stars and moon,

Sea with her monotonous tune,
Rain and hail and sleet,

And the winds of heaven,
And the solemn hills of blue,
And the brown earth and the dew,
And the thunder even,

And the flowers' sweet breath,
All things make one glorious voice;
Life with fleeting pains and joys,
And our sister, Death.

Little flowers of air,
With your feathers soft and sleek,
And your bright brown eyes and meek,
He hath made you fair.

He hath taught to you
Skill to weave in tree and thatch
Nests where happy mothers hatch
Speckled eggs of blue,

And hath children given.
When the soft heads overbrim
The brown nests, then thank ye Him
In the clouds of heaven.

Also in your lives
Live His laws Who loveth you.
Husbands, be ye kind and true;
Be home-keeping, wives —

Love not gossiping;
  Stay at home and keep the nest;
  Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

Live as brethren live:
  Love be in each heart and mouth;
  Be not envious, be not wroth,
Be not slow to give.

When ye build the nest,
  Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;
  He who hath be bountiful
To the neediest.

Be not puffed nor vain
  Of your beauty or your worth,
  Of your children or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

Eat not greedily:
  Sometimes for sweet mercy's sake,
  Worm or insect spare to take;
Let it crawl or fly.

See ye sing not near
  To our church on holy day,
  Lest the human-folk should stray
From their prayers to hear.

Now depart in peace:
  In God's name I bless each one;
  May your days be long i' the sun
And your joys increase.

And remember me,
  Your poor brother Francis, who
  Loves you, and gives thanks to you
For this courtesy.

Sometimes when ye sing,
  Name my name, that He may take
  Pity for the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming.

KATHARINE TYNAN

A PEASANT OF ASSISI

THE sun that traced of old the Umbrian Friars
Hung saffron in the mist of eventide.
The Angelus from a far tower had told
Its rosary of sounds and silences.
I wandered where the purple winding valley,
Steeped in a bloom of seven hundred years,
Still breathes so gently of Assisi's power
That I, to-day's deserter, went half watchful
At any little turning of a hill
To come upon the hooded Saint himself
In some sweet colloquy with bird or beast.
O purple winding valley, saffron sun
And silver thoughts! And now, at the path's edge,
Outgleaming from a shadow, rose a shrine,
Beneath whose ancient ark a streamlet ran
Along a dip of moss-enamelled stones.
Within a field a tawny peasant youth
Stood leaning on his hoe, content from toil.
And at my beck he dropped his hoe and hastened.
And, as I questioned of the place, his eyes

Grew soft, his answer coming clear, and eager
With repetition of the names he loved.

THE LEGEND

Lady, hither to this nook one noonday
Blessèd Francis walked with Brother Leo.
All the sky was fire that scorched the flowers.
Brother Leo lagged behind, entreating:
"O I am forspent! O find me water!
Verily my thirst has overtried me!"
But the land was parched and stream-forsaken,
And upon the ground the weary-hearted
Sank, and soon a slumber overcame him.
Blessèd Francis, kneeling in the grasses,
Prayed a silent prayer for water, water, —
Crystal water, silver, laughing water,
Water that should be to faith a signal.
And at last the weary Brother wakened,
And they rose together, looking downward.
At their feet amid the stones upwelling
Crystal water bubbled, laughed and sparkled.
And the freshness to their lips they gathered.
And they went their way with praising pulses.

Here the shrine was set to mark the story.
Honoured is my simple tongue to tell it.
All is true. For, lady, look: The Water!

AGNES LEE

SIENA

I

THE DAISIES

Once I came to Siena,
  Travelling waywardly;
I sought not church nor palace;
  I did not care to see.
In the little park at Siena,
  Her famous ways untrod,
I laid me down in the springtime
  Upon the daisied sod.
New, but not unfamiliar,
  Of my boyhood seemed the scene —
The hillsides of Judea,
  And Turner's pines between;
And tenderly the rugged,
  Volcanic rock-lands bare,
Warm in the April weather,
  Slept in the melting air.
'Twas April in the valleys;
  'Twas April in the sky;
And from the tufted locusts
  The sweet scent wandered by;
But strange to me the sunshine,
  And strange the growing grass;
To the branch that cannot blossom
  How cold doth April pass!
As lovers, when love is over,
  Remembering seem men dead,
Down on the warm bright daisies,
  Earth's lover, I laid my head;

And whence or why I know not,
  At the touch my eyes were dim,
And I knew that these were the daisies
  That Keats felt grow o'er him.

II

CHRIST SCOURGED

I saw in Siena pictures
  Wandering wearily;
I sought not the names of the masters
  Nor the works men care to see;
But once in a low-ceiled passage
  I came on a place of gloom,
Lit here and there with halos
  Like saints within the room.
The pure, serene, mild colours
  The early artists used
Had made my heart grow softer,
  And still on peace I mused.
Sudden I saw the Sufferer,
  And my frame was clenched with pain;
Perchance no throe so noble
  Visits my soul again.
Mine were the stripes of the scourging;
  On my thorn-pierced brow blood ran;
In my breast the deep compassion
  Breaking the heart for man.
I drooped with heavy eyelids,
  Till evil should have its will;
On my lips was silence gathered;
  My waiting soul stood still.

I gazed, nor knew I was gazing;
I trembled, and woke to know
Him whom they worship in heaven
Still walking on earth below.
Once have I borne his sorrows
Beneath the flail of fate!
Once, in the woe of his passion,
I felt the soul grow great!
I turned from my dead Leader;
I passed the silent door;
The gray-walled street received me;
On peace I mused no more.

III

THE RESURRECTION

After days of waiting,
Rambling still elsewhere,
I took the narrow causeway,
Climbed the broad stone stair;
Round the angle turning
With uplifted gaze
In the high piazza —
O, the wasted days!
There the great cathedral
Came upon my eyes;
Nevermore may marvel
Bring to me surprise!
In the light of heaven
Builded, heaven's delight,
Never sculptured beauty
Hallowed so my sight!

On the silent curbstone
Long I sat, and gazed,
With the sainted vision
Ever more amazed;
Rose, and past the curtain
Trod the pictured floor,
Read Siena's story,
Saw her glory's store.
In the high piazza
Once again I turned;
Clear in heaven's sunlight
Prophet and angel burned.
Still, whene'er that vision
Comes upon my eyes,
I seem to see triumphant
The Resurrection rise.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

"I AM IN ROME"

I AM in Rome! Oft as the morning-ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!

Thou art in Rome! the City, where the Gauls,
Entering at sun-rise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw Gods, not men;
The City that, by temperance, fortitude,

And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell — but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminish'd.

There, as though
Grandeur attracted Grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble — from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples — all things that inspire
Wonder, delight!

And I am there!

SAMUEL ROGERS

ROME

THE blue sky of Italy; the blue sky of Rome. Sunlight pouring white and clear from the wide-stretched sky. Sunlight sliding softly over white marble, lying in jasmine circles before cool porticoes, striking sharply upon roofs and domes, recoiling before straight façades of grey granite, foiled and beaten by the deep halls of temples.

Sunlight on tiles and tufa, sunlight on basalt and porphyry. The sky stripes Rome with sun and shadow; strips of yellow, strips of blue, pepper-dots of purple and orange. It whip-lashes the four great horses of gilded bronze, harnessed to the bronze *quadriga* on the Arch of Nero, and they trot slowly forward without moving. The horses tread the marbles of Rome beneath their feet. Their golden flanks quiver in the sunlight. One foot paws the air. A step, and they will lance into the air, Pegasus-like,

stepping the wind. But they do not take the step. They wait — poised, treading Rome as they trod Alexandria, as they trod the narrow Island of Cos. The spokes of the *quadriga* wheels flash, but they do not turn. They burn like day-stars above the Arch of Nero. The horses poise over Rome, a constellation of morning, triumphant above Emperors, proud, indifferent, enduring, relentlessly spurning the hot dust of Rome. Hot dust clouds up about them, but not one particle sticks to their gilded manes. Dust is nothing, a mere smoke of disappearing hours. Slowly they trot forward without moving, and time passes and passes them, brushing along their sides like wind.

Hills of the city: Pincian, Esquiline, Cælian, Aventine, the crimson tip of the sun burns against you, and you start into sudden clearness and glow red, red-gold, saffron, gradually diminishing to an outline of blue. The sun mounts over Rome, and the Arch of Augustus glitters like a cleft pomegranate; the Temples of Julius Cæsar, Castor, and Saturn, turn carbuncle, and rose, and diamond. Columns divide into double edges of flash and shadow; domes glare, inverted beryls hanging over arrested scintillations. The fountains flake and fringe with the scatter of the sun.

It is morning in Rome, and the bronze horses on the Arch of Nero trot quietly forward without moving, but no one can see them, they are only a dazzle, a shock of stronger light against the white-blue sky.

Amy Lowell

THE CITY OF MY LOVE

She sits among the eternal hills,
Their crown, thrice glorious and dear,

Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear;

Her breath is prayer, her life is love,
And worship of all lovely things;
Her children have a gracious port,
Her beggars show the blood of kings.

By old Tradition guarded close,
None doubt the grandeur she has seen;
Upon her venerable front
Is written: "I was born a Queen!"

She rules the age by Beauty's power,
As once she ruled by armed might;
The Southern sun doth treasure her
Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, "There is Rome!"

Rome of the Romans! where the gods
Of Greek Olympus long held sway;
Rome of the Christian, Peter's tomb,
The Zion of our later day.

Rome, the mailed Virgin of the world,
Defiance on her brows and breast;
Rome, to voluptuous pleasure won,
Debauched, and locked in drunken rest.

Rome, in her intellectual day,
Europe's intriguing step-dame grown;
Rome, bowed to weakness and decay,
A canting, mass-frequenting crone.

Then the unlettered man plods on,
Half chiding at the spell he feels,
The artist pauses at the gate,
And on the wondrous threshold kneels.

The sick man lifts his languid head
For those soft skies and balmy airs;
The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.

For even the grass that feeds the herds
Methinks some unknown virtue yields;
The very hinds in reverence tread
The precincts of the ancient fields.

But wrapt in gloom of night and death,
I crept to thee, dear mother Rome;
And in thy hospitable heart
Found rest and comfort, health and home.

And friendships, warm and living still,
Although their dearest joys are fled;
True sympathies, that bring to life
That better self, so often dead.

For all the wonder that thou wert,
For all the dear delight thou art,
Accept a homage from my lips,
That warms again a wasted heart.

And, though it seem a childish prayer,
I've breathed it oft, that when I die,
As thy remembrance dear in it,
That heart in thee might buried lie.

JULIA WARD HOWE

ROME

(*From the French of Joachim du Bellay*)

"*Troica Roma resurges*"

PROPERTIUS

O THOU new comer who seek'st Rome in Rome
And find'st in Rome no thing thou canst call Roman;
Arches worn old and palaces made common,
Rome's name alone within these walls keeps home.
Behold how pride and ruin can befall
One who hath set the whole world 'neath her laws,
All-conquering, now conquerèd, because
She is Time's prey and Time consumeth all.
Rome that art Rome's one sole last monument,
Rome that alone hast conquered Rome the town,
Tiber alone, transient and seaward bent,
Remains of Rome. O world, thou unconstant mime!
That which stands firm in thee Time batters down,
And that which fleeteth doth outrun swift time.

EZRA POUND

GRAVE OF KEATS

PEACE, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,

And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

AT THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS NEAR THE GRAVES OF SHELLEY AND KEATS

(1887)

WHO, then, was Cestius,
And what is he to me? —
Amid thick thoughts and memories multitudinous
One thought alone brings he.

I can recall no word
Of anything he did;
For me he is a man who died and was interred
To leave a pyramid

Whose purpose was exprest
Not with its first design,
Nor till, far down in Time, beside it found their rest
Two countrymen of mine.

Cestius in life, maybe,
Slew, breathed out threatening;
I know not. This I know: in death all silently
He does a finer thing,

In beckoning pilgrim feet
With marble finger high
To where, by shadowy wall and history-haunted street,
Those matchless singers lie. . . .

— Say, then, he lived and died
That stones which bear his name
Should mark, through Time, where two immortal Shades abide;
It is an ample fame.

THOMAS HARDY

"JUNKETS," IMMORTAL

"What has become of Junkets I know not. I suppose Queen Mab has eaten him."
— Leigh Hunt to Charles Cowden Clarke, July 1, 1817.

[*"Junkets" was an affectionate nickname given by his intimates to John Keats on account of his exuberance of spirit.*]

WHAT has become of "Junkets"? I know well.
The goldfinch, the wildbriar, the elm-trees know.
The secret's one the sunset burns to tell.
The gossiping brooks divulge it as they flow.
The tranced white clouds convey it; tattle-tale
Is every leaf in every woodland ride.
Sunlight on dappled lane and grassy swale
Smiles it to all the English countryside.

He did not die nigh to the Spanish stairs
In drowsing Rome, even if his dust is hid
Under her violets, his last despairs
At rest beside the Cestian pyramid.
That valiant spirit wherein all beauty quivered
Outlives forever the failing brain and heart
Consumed by love when lightnings many-rivered
Descended on the altar of his art.

And summer's wind that runs the rippling barley
(Watched by his hazel eyes with such delight),
Bees on the foxglove bloom in buzzing parley,
The flickering shadow of a swallow's flight,
Hold him more closely now than all his glories
Of marbled myth, all that our world esteems
Of jewelled language in those enchanted stories
He wove on purple tapestry of dreams.

Now he exults in all the secret raptures
Of earth, all color and fragrance near or far, —
Flows through the flaming sunset, storms and captures
The throbbing, luminous heart of every star.
The flowers, the clouds, the birds are his in keeping.
They brighten beneath that swift and viewless wing.
His is all summer's shining, all autumn's weeping,
All the wild virginal ardor of the spring.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH THREE FLOWERS

HEREWITH I send you three pressed withered flowers:
This one was white, with golden star; this, blue
As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
With sunset-orange. Where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under pendent bowers
The Arno glides, this faded violet grew
On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
Its clouded azure in the long spring hours.
Within the shadow of the Pyramid
Of Caius Cestius was the daisy found,
White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
The pansy — there were hundreds of them hid

In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THE LEGEND OF ARA-CŒLI

WHOEVER will go to Rome may see,
In the chapel of the Sacristy
Of Ara-Cœli, the Sainted Child, —
Garnished from throat to foot with rings
And brooches and precious offerings,
And its little nose kissed quite away
By dying lips. At Epiphany,
If the holy winter day prove mild,
It is shown to the wondering, gaping crowd
On the church's steps, — held high aloft, —
While every sinful head is bowed,
And the music plays, and the censers' soft
White breath ascends like silent prayer.

Many a beggar kneeling there,
Tattered and hungry, without a home,
Would not envy the Pope of Rome,
If he, the beggar, had half the care
Bestowed on *him* that falls to the share
Of yonder Image, — for you must know
It has its minions to come and go,
Its perfumed chamber, remote and still,
Its silken couch, and its jewelled throne,
And a special carriage of its own
To take the air in, when it will;
And though it may neither drink nor eat,
By a nod to its ghostly seneschal

It could have of the choicest wine and meat.
Often some princess, brown and tall,
Comes, and unclasping from her arm
The glittering bracelet, leaves it, warm
With her throbbing pulse, at the Baby's feet.
Ah, he is loved by high and low,
Adored alike by simple and wise.
The people kneel to him in the street.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

SAINT PETER'S BY MOONLIGHT

Low hung the moon when first I stood in Rome;
Midway she seemed attracted from her sphere,
On those twin fountains shining broad and clear
Whose floods, not mindless of their mountain home,
Rise there in clouds of rainbow mist and foam.
That hour fulfilled the dream of many a year:
Through that thin mist, with joy akin to fear,
The steps I saw, the pillars, last, the dome.
A spiritual empire there embodied stood;
The Roman Church there met me face to face:
Ages, sealed up, of evil and of good
Slept in that circling colonnade's embrace.
Alone I stood, a stranger and alone,
Changed by that stony miracle to stone.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

THE COLISEUM

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!

At length — at length — after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened shafts —
These vague entablatures — this crumbling frieze —
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —
These stones — alas! these gray stones — are they all —
All of the famed, and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all" — the Echoes answer me — "not all!
"Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
"From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
"As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
"We rule the hearts of mightiest men — we rule
"With a despotic sway all giant minds.
"We are not impotent — we pallid stones.
"Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —
"Not all the magic of our high renown —
"Not all the wonder that encircles us —
"Not all the mysteries that in us lie —
"Not all the memories that hang upon
"And cling around about us as a garment,
"Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

THE Coliseum lifts at night
  Its broken cells more proudly far
Than in the noonday's naked light,
  For every rent enshrines a star:
  On Cæsar's hill the royal Lar
Presides within his mansion old:
  Decay and Death no longer mar
The moon's atoning mist of gold.

Still lingering near the shrines renewed,
  We sadly, fondly, look our last;
Each trace concealed of spoilage rude
  From old or late iconoclast,
  Till, Trajan's whispering forum passed,

We hear the waters, showering bright,
  Of Trevi's ancient fountain, cast
Their woven music on the night.

The Genius of the Tiber nods
  Benign, above his tilted urn:
Kneel down and drink! the beckoning gods
  This last libation will not spurn.
  Drink, and the old enchantment learn
That hovers yet o'er Trevi's foam, —
  The promise of a sure return,
Fresh footsteps in the dust of Rome!

Kneel down and drink! the golden days
  Here lived and dreamed shall dawn again;
Albano's hill, through purple haze,
  Again shall crown the Latin plain.
  Whatever stains of Time remain,
Left by the years that intervene,
  Lo! Trevi's fount shall toss its rain
To wash the pilgrim's forehead clean.

Drink, and depart! for Life is just;
  She gives to Faith a master-key
To ope the gate of dreams august,
  And take from joys in memory
  The certainty of joys to be;
And Trevi's basins shall be bare
  Ere we again shall fail to see
Their silver in the Roman air.

BAYARD TAYLOR

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA

I WONDER do you feel to-day
As I have felt since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass, to stray
In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
Has tantalized me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it! First it left
The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
Some old tomb's ruin: yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amassed
Five beetles, — blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal: and last,
Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air —
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life here, through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,

Such primal naked forms of flowers,
  Such letting nature have her way
While heaven looks from its towers!

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
  Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above!
  How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,
  You that are just so much, no more.
Nor yours nor mine, nor slave nor free!
  Where does the fault lie? What the core
O' the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
  See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
  At your soul's springs, — your part my part
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward, touch you close,
  Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth, — I pluck the rose
  And love it more than tongue can speak —
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
  Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
  Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star?

Just when I seemed about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern —
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

ROBERT BROWNING

NAPLES

RED tiles, yellow stucco, layer on layer of windows, roofs, and balconies, Naples pushes up the hill away from the curving bay. A red, half-closed eye, Vesuvius watches and waits. All Naples prates of this and that, and runs about its little business, shouting, bawling, incessantly calling its wares. Fish frying, macaroni drying, seven feet piles of red and white brocoli, grapes heaped high with rosemary, sliced pomegranates dripping seeds, plucked and bleeding chickens, figs on spits, lemons in baskets, melons cut and quartered nicely, "*Ah, che bella cosa!*" They even sell water, clear crystal water for a *paul* or two. And everything done to a hullabaloo. They jabber over cheese, they chatter over wine, they gabble at the corners in the bright sunshine. And piercing through the noise is the beggar-whine, always, like an undertone, the beggar-whine; and always the crimson, watching eye of Vesuvius.

AMY LOWELL

NAPLES

NISIDA and Prosida are laughing in the light,
Capri is a dewy flower lifting into sight,
Posilipo kneels and looks in the burnished sea,
Naples crowds her million roofs close as close can be;

Round about the mountain's crest a flag of smoke
is hung —
Oh when God made Italy he was gay and young!

SARA TEASDALE

NIGHT SONG AT AMALFI

I ASKED the heaven of stars
What I should give my love —
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishers go —
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song —
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?

SARA TEASDALE

CAPRI

WHEN beauty grows too great to bear
How shall I ease me of its ache,
For beauty more than bitterness
Makes the heart break.

Now while I watch the dreaming sea
With isles like flowers against her breast,

Only one voice in all the world
Could give me rest.

SARA TEASDALE

NEAPOLITAN

NAPLES seems mostly mountains and mules,
and on a cloudy occasion,
mountains have the shade of mules,
donkeys the colour of mice.
Of all Neapolitan creatures,
donkeys alone never cease:
twinkling hoofs darting madly,
crazy carts hitched to their peace.
As mountains are sure not to move,
no matter what clouds may attempt,
the donkeys look further like mites
brushing endless high walls for escape.
When such queer mice venture so far —
forget they're born donkeys —
as to clatter right up sheer heights —
at right angles regardless of laws! —
their hoofs must have grown monkey paws!
and now should those simians clamber,
nay, scale tips of peaks themselves? —
don't be surprised any longer
if they should begin crawling skies!
Then one might readily ponder —
and still not offend their Creator —
there's nothing really left over
but to fancy them flies!

ALFRED KREYMBORG

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE"

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — "O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came the "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
"Frater Ave atque Vale" — as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

STREET OF GOOD FORTUNE — POMPEII

THE day was gray — a film of misty rain
Blew on a gentle wind through unroofed home,
Temple and marble bath. The stony lane
That once had been a street and looked toward Rome,
Was ghostly-still and broken and bereft;
The weeds had grown, a lizard crawled in fright
Across a rut by some swift chariot left,
Hastening in panic through that flame-shot night.
The cool rain fell — we spoke of molten rock
Half carelessly — of sudden death and fear,
We who were still so blithe and quick to mock,
Who baked our loaves, thinking to-morrow near;
While down Good Fortune Street, before our eyes,
A green hill hissed white spirals to the skies.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

POMPEIAN QUATRAIN

New Excavations

A workman with a spade in half a day
Can push two thousand lagging years away;
See, how the tragic villas, one by one,
Like lazy lizards creep into the sun.

Leonora Speyer

NOON AT PÆSTUM

Lord of the Sea, we sun-filled creatures raise
  Our hands among the clamorous weeds, — we too.
Lord of the Sun, and of the upper blue,
Of all To-morrow, and all yesterdays,
Here, where the thousand broken names and ways
  Of worship are but shards we wandered through,
  There is no gift to offer, or undo;
There is no prayer left in us, only praise.

Only to glory in this glory here,
  Through the dead smoke of myriad sacrifice; —
To look through these blue spaces, blind and clear
  Even as the seaward gaze of Homer's eyes;
And from uplifted heart, and cup, to pour
Wine to the Unknown God.— We ask no more.

Josephine Preston Peabody

ON RECEIVING A MONTHLY ROSE

Pæstum! thy roses long ago,
  All roses far above,

Twice in the year were call'd to blow
And braid the locks of Love.

He saw the city sink in dust,
Its roses' roots decay'd,
And cried in sorrow, "Find I must
Another for my braid."

First Cyprus, then the Syrian shore
To Pharpar's lucid rill,
Did those two large dark eyes explore,
But wanted something still.

Damascus filled his heart with joy,
So sweet her roses were!
He cull'd them; but the wayward boy
Thought them ill worth his care.

"I want them every month," he cried,
"I want them every hour;
Perennial rose, and none beside,
Henceforth shall be my flower."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

CITIES

My heart dreams of cities —
Cities by the sea . . .
Athens with its cypress shade,
Spires in Italy.

Ravenna, wooded, stately,
Where the church-bells chime.

Venice, blue, bewitching
In the summertime.

Corfu, fairy island,
Orange-groves in flower.
Cairo's sapphire minarets
In the twilight hour.

Tunis' golden streetways —
Mosques against the skies,
Where Sahara's desert
Mirrors the moonrise.

Algiers' terraced gardens
Gleaming like the snow,
The Atlas mountains purple
In the sunset glow.

Gibraltar, gray and rockbound,
Where the gulls soar free.
Naples with its fiery crown,
Taormina's templed lea.

My heart dreams of cities —
Cities by the sea. . . .
In Tuscany and Provence,
In fabled Thessaly.

Cities, you have been my friends —
You call across the blue,
Can I hear your voices,
And not go to you? . . .

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'erveiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;

Or down the walls
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

THE SONG OF CALLICLES ON ETNA

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts.
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

— What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?

What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime? —

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
— The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train? —

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

— Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told? —
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THEOCRITUS

A Villanelle

O Singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O Singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate;
O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate:
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
For thee the jocund shepherds wait,
O Singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Oscar Wilde

ON LEAVING TAORMINA

O almond trees, beneath whose fruited shade
I lay these summer days and saw the sea,

The hills of Mola, and Calabria's jade,
Good-bye! Perhaps the god that yielded me
Such luxury of happiness, these clear
And brimming hours with you, will, in his grace,
Yield none again; and, summer, finding here
Your branches green, will find again the place
I love, not me. Thro' all the leafy years,
Others will come and love your loveliness;
Love with a heart as gay and free of fears
As mine, and, leaving, leave their souls no less.
But, ah, for me, when spring stands in the door,
Take on, I pray, one shade of pink the more.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

ON THE WAY TO GREECE

ODE

The Mediterranean

Of thee the Northman by his beachèd galley
Dreamt, as he watched the never-setting Ursa
And longed for summer and thy light, O sacred
Mediterranean.

Unseen he loved thee; for the heart within him
Knew earth had gardens where he might be blessed
Putting away long dreams and aimless, barbarous
Hunger for battle.

The foretaste of thy languors thawed his bosom;
A great need drove him to thy caverned islands
From the gray, endless reaches of the outer
Desert of ocean.

He saw thy pillars, saw thy sudden mountains
Wrinkled and stark, and in their crooked gorges,
'Neath peeping pine and cypress, guessed the torrent
Smothered in flowers.

Thine incense to the sun, thy gathered vapours,
He saw suspended on the flanks of Taurus,
Or veiling the snowed bosom of the virgin
Sister of Atlas.

He saw the luminous top of wide Olympus,
Fit for the happy gods; he saw the pilgrim

River, with rains of Ethiopia flooding
Populous Egypt.

And having seen, he loved thee. His racked spirit,
By the breath tempered and the light that clothes thee,
Forgot the monstrous gods, and made of Nature
Mistress and mother.

The more should I, O fatal sea, before thee
Of alien words make echoes to thy music;
For I was born where first the rills of Tagus
Turn to the westward,

And wandering long, alas! have need of drinking
Deep of the patience of thy perfect sadness,
O thou that constant through the change of ages,
Beautiful ever,

Never wast wholly young and void of sorrows,
Nor ever canst be old, while yet the morning
Kindles thy ripples, or the golden evening
Dyes thee in purple.

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,
The Roman called his own until he perished,
As now the busy English hover o'er thee,
Stalwart and noble;

But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter
Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara
Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid
Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin;
Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland
I may behold thy beauty, the eternal
Solace of mortals.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

LEPANTO

WHITE founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings fain the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and
he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain — hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the
trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to
bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground, —
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done;
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces — four hundred years ago:
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth:
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."

For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still — hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

Saint Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north,
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts of aching eyes,
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse,
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey,
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,
And death is the phial and the end of noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed —
Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
Gun upon gun, hurrah!
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark;
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of Saint Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.

They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell,
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign —
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea,
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath,*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade . . .
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

G. K. Chesterton

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I — who knows — who knows — but in
that same
(Fished up beyond Æaea, patched up new
— Stern painted brighter blue —)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship — who knows, who knows?
— And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

STAMBOUL

I LOVE you as men love the strength of cities;
You are darkness and rivers of darkness under the stars;
None so gazed on Troy — Oh, a thousand pities
That marked Troy down for terrible calendars!
There have been sailors and merchants and long-eyed dreamers,
Hollow, cadaverous, bearded, who left all ease
For the wild beauty of a ship with streamers
And the sweet madness of Asiatic seas.

Surely these burning men that have desired
The throat of Stamboul or the buoyant hips
Of young untamable Tartar-sinewed ships —
Surely they drank deep and their hearts grew tired
For the cool tusk of the moon, a woman cool . . .
You are my ship with streamers, my Stamboul.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

"SHIP, SHIP, GO STRAIGHT"

SHIP, ship, go straight as an arrow out
Into clearness, straight as a mew flying south;
Wing like a mew in the sun, lift like a shout,
Lift like a quick word out of a lover's mouth.

Who knows what ports wait your spars, your rigging and
sails,
What harbors and what lotus isles of nightingales,
What aqueous pools of spouting and marvelous whales.

Go like a bird, a bird, tired of land,
Of trees in a lull of cool green and the peace
Of glens where twigs crackle. Dunes and the push of sand.
Breast deep in water go, breast deep to Greece.

HAROLD VINAL

GREECE

IMPRESSION DE VOYAGE

The sea was sapphire coloured, and the sky
Burned like a heated opal through the air;
We hoisted sail; the wind was blowing fair
For the blue lands that to the eastward lie.
From the steep prow I marked with quickening eye
Zakynthos, every olive grove and creek,
Ithaca's cliff, Lycaon's snowy peak,
And all the flower-strewn hills of Arcady.
The flapping of the sail against the mast,
The ripple of the water on the side,
The ripple of girls' laughter at the stern,
The only sounds: — when 'gan the West to burn,
And a red sun upon the seas to ride,
I stood upon the soil of Greece at last!

Oscar Wilde

THE KEYNOTE

A cypress dark against the blue,
That deepens up to such a hue
As never painter dared and drew;

A marble shaft that stands alone
Above a wreck of sculptured stone
With grey-green aloes overgrown;

A hillside scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains;

And rocks that while the hours run
Show all the jewels, one by one,
For pastime of the summer sun;

A crescent sail upon the sea,
So calm and fair and ripple-free,
You wonder storms can ever be;

A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze;

A face bronzed dark to red and gold,
With mountain eyes that seem to hold
The freshness of the world of old;

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; — the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence, — this is Greece!

Sir Rennell Rodd

THE ISLES OF GREECE

The isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon —
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise, — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —

A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON

TO A GREEK GIRL

WITH breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoë!

Where'er you pass, — where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go, — where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread, —
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead, —
Not wholly dead! — Autonoë!

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreathe the rustic garden-god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket-braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy-twinkling fingers flee;

To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoë!

In vain, — in vain! The years divide:
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams; —
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
From under-lands of Memory, —
A dream of Form in days of Thought, —
A dream, — a dream, Autonoë!

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE PARTHENON BY MOONLIGHT

THIS is an island of the golden Past
Uplifted in the tranquil sea of night.
In the white splendor how the heart beats fast,
When climbs the pilgrim to this gleaming height;
As might a soul, new-born, its wondering way
Take through the gates of pearl and up the stair
Into the precincts of celestial day,
So to this shrine my worshiping feet did fare.

But look! what tragic waste! Is Time so lavish
Of dear perfection thus to see it spilled?
'Twas worth an empire; — now behold the ravish
That laid it low. The soaring plain is filled
With the wide-scattered letters of one word
Of loveliness that nevermore was spoken;
Nor ever shall its like again be heard:
Not dead is art — but that high charm is broken.

Now moonlight builds with swift and mystic art
And makes the ruin whole — and yet not whole ;
But exquisite, tho' crusht and torn apart.
Back to the temple steals its living soul
In the star-silent night; it comes all pale —
A spirit breathing beauty and delight,
And yet how stricken! Hark! I hear it wail
Self-sorrowful, while every wound bleeds white.

And tho' more sad than is the nightingale
That mourns in Lykabettos' fragrant pine,
That soul to mine brings solace; nor shall fail
To heal the heart of man while still doth shine
Yon planet, doubly bright in this deep blue;
Yon moon that brims with fire these violet hills.
For beauty is of God; and God is true,
And with His strength the soul of mortal fills.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ELEUSIS

TURN with the Shades immortal at the murmuring sea and pray
The hovering Gods you worship go with you on your way.
By treeless Plain and sea pools, in burning ecstasy —
Who walks thus to Eleusis initiate shall be!
In passionate consecration, here knelt thy living throngs,
Like ours their grief, their gladness, like ours their tears, their songs.
Frail fragments echo . . . echo . . ., bright birds blown down to me,
To my lips I hold their laughter, to my heart their misery.

Echo I

Hear us, Demeter, Mother,
In hunger, in anguish we cry.
Give us rain, give us grain, we perish,
Our children, our cattle die!

For thy rites, no fruits, no fleeces,
No myrtles thine image twine,
Empty our bins for thy baskets,
Our vessels of honey and wine.

On the hillsides, no flocks, no flowers,
In the valleys, no sheaves of gold,
Why is thy face averted,
Why dost thou Life withhold?

Echo II

Hail, Flaming Presence, Earth-Mother,
Gracious Bringer of grain!
We sing before thy temple —
Joy burns in our heart again.

Our opulent vineyards and cornfields
Praise thee in voices of birds,
Bees hum in the blossoming meadows,
Fountains gush for our flocks and our herds.

Pomegranates we offer, bright garlands,
Narcissus, hyacinths sweet.
We weave thee a mystic measure,
We kneel at thy sacred feet.

O shrine of ancient Hellas, thy careless gods may nod
But thy children reached through mystery to the brooding heart of God.
Now under the self-same heavens, anhungered, athirst, we cry.
Quicken the clods of our being, great Father, we wither, we die!
With Terrible Glory smite us until we see Thee shine!
By poignant Joy exalt us until we grow divine!
We too would be immortal! Here in this sacred place
We too would look upon Beauty — turn not away Thy Face.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

ACON

BEAR me to Dictæus,
and to the steep slopes;
to the river Erymanthus.

I choose spray of dittany,
cyperum, frail of flower,
buds of myrrh,
all-healing herbs,
close pressed in calathes.

For she lies panting,
drawing sharp breath,
broken with harsh sobs,
she, Hyella,
whom no god pities.

Dryads
haunting the groves,

nereids
who dwelt in wet caves,
for all the white leaves of olive-branch,
and early roses,
and ivy wreaths, woven gold berries,
which she once brought to your altars,
bear now ripe fruits from Arcadia,
and Assyrian wine
to shatter her fever.

The light of her face falls from its flower,
as a hyacinth,
hidden in a far valley,
perishes upon burnt grass.
Pales,
bring gifts,
bring your Phœnician stuffs,
and do you, fleet-footed nymphs,
bring offerings,
Illyrian iris,
and a branch of shrub,
and frail-headed poppies.

H. D.

MAY–DAY IN KALAMATA

In Kalamata, where the harvests are
Purple and crimson for the currant-bin,
When merchants close their shutters with a jar,
The young night-gallant twangs his brown guitar,
And first begins the merry May-day din.

All night they strum the mandolins and lutes;
Glyco, the jolly merchant of the fruits,

Sings to accordion: "O nux kalé!" †
In Kalamata on the first of May.

Morning comes. See the church across the street
Its doorway wreathed! See Anastasia pass,
Twining her pretty shoulders with the sweet
Mountain-born orchids, brought on tireless feet
By lads from Sparta o'er Taÿgetos.

All night they strum the lute, and mandolin,
Georgio, the dark-eyed, plays the violin,
Sings under balconies: "O nux kalé! "
In Kalamata on the first of May.

The cottage-doors are hung with poppy-wreaths,
To keep away the evil spirits: hats
Are garlanded with oleander. Leaves
Fair, golden-braided Marianthé weaves
Into a veil for her long sunny plaits.

All night they sound the flutes and castanets;
Mitchu, in pompommed shoes, fingers the frets,
Quaffs resin-wine, — "Aha —! O nux kalé!"
In Kalamata on the first of May.

To the *Platea*, all the booths astir;
Mulberry vendors clad in goat-skins come;
Here are embroidered bags and fragrant myrrh,
And silver-handled knives; and the drum-whirr
Beats like a heart throb in the village hum.

All night they play the rough accordion;
The sailors from the "skala," to a man,

March, drunk with mastika, along the quay,
In Kalamata on the first of May.

Along the railroad all the stations fill
With children garlanded; the peasant throngs
Sing at car windows. From a laurel hill,
Rings "Zito" with the happy springtime thrill,
While rose-crowned maidens chant their merry songs.

All night they play the violin and drum;
And to the windows tawdry women come
Bright-eyed and bold, to hear: "O nux kalé!"
In Kalamata on the first of May.

May-day, down all the silver-olive plain,
Along the mountain trail, and torrent track,
May-day on ships on blue Messenian Main,
On locomotives, where the young Greek swain
Hangs lily wreaths upon his engine stack!

All night I hear the zither; the guitar
Maddens my northern pulses, and from far,
Far up the mountainside: "O nux kalé!"
Wakes Kalamata on the first of May.

EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

† Beautiful night.

TO A GREEK MARBLE

WHITE grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,
These garments and decorum;
I am thy brother,
The lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes
Of our loves in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,
Thou hearest me not.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never, canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal, — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm, and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS

SUNSET ON THE ACROPOLIS

If ever I have freed me of all time,
Let me so free me now, that I have brought me
Near to these hill-top temples, which have caught me
Up to their soaring heights and Vision wrought me
Of things serene, and stricken, and sublime.

Let me, the titled, spurious Christian, face
This solemn wistfulness of Pagan yearning —
This aspiration of white columns, burning
With golden fires, their pillars deep inurning
The tragic, sunset beauty of the place.

Let me stand silent, under evening skies,
Watching this radiance grown cold and hoary;
In death-white, black-stained ruins, read the story

The Parthenon tells of ancient Grecian glory,
Reiterating beauty as it dies.

Let me stand silently and humbly, there,
Seeking that Unknown God Greeks apprehended;
That, as the temples fade, and day is ended,
My own hope with this ancient faith be blended,
And I be part of this eternal prayer!

EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THE HOME OF HELEN

LACEDÆMON, hast thou seen it?
Lacedæmon, Lacedæmon!
Round Taygetus the forests
Leaguer snow-capped crags above them.
Lacedæmon rich in corn-lands,
With the grand hill-shoulders round them
Blue as lapis in the twilight,
Striking early every morning
Through the mist till when the azure
Drops a veil of lucent sapphire
O'er our mountains in the noon-tide —
Our old ramparts, walls of safety!

And Eurotas — hast thou heard him,
Heard Eurotas, old Eurotas,
Gurgle, growl and gnaw the boulders?
Hast thou heard Eurotas laughing?
Hast thou stemmed his solemn current,
Where the dark rose-laurels shade it,
In the cool cliff-sheltered places,
Where the women bathe, while gravely

Swans sail in and out among them?
— Swimming women, in pure water
Passing 'neath swans proud and passive,
Where Zeus saw and loved white Leda?

T. Sturge Moore

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

Francis Ledwidge

SEMPER RESURGENS

Not only over Delos' steep,
From green Dodona and the cliffs
Where Lesbian maidens came to weep
The unreturning fisher-skiffs;

And not alone from poets' pages,
Across our unexpecting skies —
A meteor from the golden ages —
Does Beauty flash upon our eyes.

No paladin or paramour
In Joyeuse Garde or Celedon,
Not Roncesval nor Agincourt,
Nor Islam crushed at Ascalon;

Nor yet the wintry world returning
From barren questing of the Grail,
To find the rose of passion burning,
And spring reborn in Arno's vale,

Has bound Romance in golden bands
So closely set that now her light
Can shine alone from storied lands
And fields of famed, chivalric fight.

Whene'er the magic word is spoken,
When moonlit ripples move the mere,
Anew she comes, her bondage broken;
And still anew the vision clear

Of Beauty gleams on souls that, seeing,
Forget how darkly day by day,
We whirl within the wheels of being,
Or plod the mill-round's dusty way.

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

THE VOICE OF THE LAWS

THIS from that soul incorrupt whom Athens had doomed to the death,
When Crito brought promise of freedom: "Vainly thou spendest thy breath!
Dost remember the wild Corybantes? feel they the knife or the rod?
Heed they the fierce summer sun, the frost, or winterly flaws? —
If any entreat them, they answer, 'We hear but the flutes of the God!'

"So even am I, O my Crito! Thou pleadest a losing cause!
Thy words are as sound without import — I hear but the Voice of the Laws,
And, know thou! the Voice of the Laws is to me as the flutes of the God."

Thus spake that soul incorrupt. And wherever, since hemlock was quaffed,
A man has stood forth without fear — has chosen the dark deep draught —
Has taken the lone one way, nor the path of dishonor has trod,
Behold! he, too, hears but the Voice of the Laws, the flutes of the God.

EDITH M. THOMAS

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven; — and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth; —
And then I changed my pipings —

Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.
All wept, as I think both ye now would
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

EPILOGUE

As children keep
Some spiraled shell or crystal crusted stone
For wonder and for solace, when alone
They fall asleep,

So do I soft caress
And guard through days of World-dark such a charm
And cherish from indifference and harm
One loveliness.

And every Grecian vase
And sculptured fragment to my eyes doth mean
Life, calm and balanced, simple, and serene,
Transcending Race!

EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

EGYPT, AND THE DESERT

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear —
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, —

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quittest thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH

THE TWIN MEMNONS OF THEBES

SILENT throughout the watches of the night
They wait the coming of their country's morn,
Ay! wait and fear not. Though she hath been torn
Full oft, a weeping captive, from their sight,
Still can they muse, Where now is Persia's might?
Or far-famed Rome's? Where England's rule of scorn,
By some undreamed-of Ptolemy o'erborne,
To-morrow? Gone, — as goes some nightmare's fright.

These two despair? Not they who at their feet
Have seen the cycle of all time pass by
And know the day is yet again ondrawn
When he, — seems love's word after death-trance sweet? —
With all of heaven in his voice will cry
To him born dumb, "Beloved! the dawn! the dawn!"

MORRIS GRAY

A NILE NIGHT

The wind has died; to-day we sail no more
O'er river reaches widening bright or wan;
Languid we lie beside the reedy shore,
And night draws darkly on.

In no wise strange or pagan would it seem
To Pasht or Isis now to bend the knee,
There broods about us, in day's paling beam,
Such vast antiquity.

Yonder a sacred ibis, grave as faith,
Stands like a statue by the river brink;
And mark! is that a Libyan lion's wraith
Come to the stream to drink?

A wandering minstrel pipes a plaintive strain,
Then slowly, sadly lets the music swoon;
While, like a lovely lotus, once again
Flowers the Egyptian moon.

And so to rest, and visions weirdly clear
Of priests, of kings, of gods with hoof and horn,
To rouse at last from dreams wherein we hear
Great Memnon greet the morn!

Clinton Scollard

FROM A FELUCCA

A white tomb in the desert,
An Arab at his prayers

Beside the Nile's dark water,
Where the lone camel fares.
An ibis on the sunset,
A slow shadouf at rest,
And in the caravansary
Low music for the guest.

Above the tawny city
A gleam of minarets,
Resounding the muezzin's
Clear call as the sun sets.
A mystery, a silence,
A breathing of strange balm,
A peace from Allah on the wind
And on the sky his calm.

CALE YOUNG RICE

THE NILE

ALL day long, day after day,
We follow the sacred body of the river.
All that is above us is below us —
Blueness and space and the brightness of the sun.
We scatter the clouds rippling in our wake by day,
We look down upon the stars by night,
Our course lies between two heavens.
On either hand the desert crouches like a lion to drink,
Or raises the stern profile of its cliffs
Above the low-grouped fields, where life lies
An antelope under the paw of death.
All day we follow the course of the sacred river
Between the mud villages of the living
And the stone-hewn tombs of the dead.

The dayabeyah sails mingle with the taut pride of the palm trees,
The echoes of the voices of men and the bleating of the flocks come from far off to our ears.
All things are shadows cast across the horizon of our dream —
Day after day, we follow our course between two heavens.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

AT KARNAC

Stone lily cool
And beautiful,
Calm lintel cut of old,
Sunset and gold;
Silent around thee lies
Ruin of God and man,
Under deep skies
Burning, blue, African.
How long ago was it
Since thou wert door or gate,
Stone lily desolate?
O and where went they then,
All those forgotten men —
Into what infinite
Temple aloof?
Where now through the broken roof
Only bats flit.

Stone lily cool,
Grown in no lotus-pool,
Chiselled by love of old,
Lonely and beautiful

Sunset and gold.
Door of what shrine —
Never trod foot of mine
Thy threshold of sands;
But, like some stiff
Impersonal hieroglyph,
I lift up my hands;
Lift them saluting thy
Beauty and mystery,
Stone lily cool.
I am but man and come
Hushed to adore thee;
I am to-day that casts
His shadow before thee;
I am to-day that stands
Wondering, dumb,
Humble beside the Past's
Beautiful
Gate-way and tomb.

J. Redwood Anderson

SUNSET ON THE DESERT

As some priest turns, his ritual all done,
And stretching hands above the kneeling crowd,
Who rapt and silent, wait with heads all bowed
For the last holy words of benison —
"Now God be with thee, ever Three in One" —
So turns the sun, though all reluctantly.
One thrilling moment comes to shrub and tree;
Expectant stillness falls; then dark and dun

The silhouettes of sphinx and pyramid
Gaze at the last deep amber after-glow;

The little stars peep down between the palms;
And all the ghosts that garish daylight hid
Are quickened — Isis with the breasts of snow
And Antony with Egypt in his arms.

THEODORE MAYNARD

CLEOPATRA AND ANTONY

"Is there no drinking of pearls save they be dissolved in biting tears?"

LOVE-TORCH of all the East, the lifted brand
Whose flame lit Egypt and the world beside,
Lies languorous now, sleep-quenched upon his heart.
Warm, throbbing breath like incense in the dark
Rises from those pomegranate lips of hers
Love-bruised, and curled with her last whisper still.
One tropic arm is bare. Flung round his neck
It lies, a gleaming link of Antony's chain. . . .
The night is quiet. Tented silks hang still
As blossoms after storm. The gold, the red,
The purple like her Orient soul, deep-dyed,
Spread the rich petals of a garden dreamed.
And Antony is dreaming. His deep eyes
Turned from the world, from her upon his breast,
Gaze through the shimmering splendour overhead,
Piercing the vaulted crimson, while the gold,
The molten roof, fades slowly into night,
Deep night, austere with darkness, folds him in.

. . . . . .

His body moves not, yet his spirit glides
Forth into loneliness. The faithful stars
Above him stand like sentries of the night,
Majestic, changing guards, where hour by hour
They watch the shadowed passes of the sky.

And now he leans where cold, unsheathed, the Nile
Divides with glittering blade the fevered sands.

GRETCHEN O. WARREN

BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,

To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR

THE WHISPER OF THE SANDS

NIGHT, and the golden glory of the moon
Above the undulant sweep of desert lands,
And borne o'er dusky dale and shimmering dune
The whisper of the sands!

Faint as the faintest ripple on the shore
Of Nile that holds its enigmatic spell;
Faint as the dawn-winds where tall palm-trees soar,
Or murmur in a shell!

Faint and inscrutable, freighted with the breath
Of ages that have long, long ceased to be;
Weighted with mysteries of birth and death,
Time and eternity!

And so I linger till the night grows old
And the rose-blossom of the morn expands,
And hear these ceaseless marvels manifold, —
The whisper of the sands!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE HOLY LAND

"VIA DEI"

"Via Dei"— this the sacred phrase
By which they named the thousand ways
That led from palace and from cell,
From hut and shop and citadel,
O'er mountain, river, sea, and plain,
Through heat and cold and drought and rain,
Toward the Holy Land,

But with the wings of morning I
A "via Dei" of the sky
Have found amid the paths of light
Where airmen make their pilgrim flight
High in the heav'ns — the ways ne'er trod
Save by the glowing feet of God
Above the Holy Land.

O'er Pyramid and Sphinx we flew,
Dry-shod th' unparted sea passed through,
Crossed in an hour the wilderness,
Saw Sinai looming terrorless,
High o'er the gates of Gaza leapt,
And low across the plain of Sharon swept
Into the Holy Land.

And then I saw Jerusalem
Lying an opalescent gem,
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue
And gold and purple ambient hue, —
A city from the skies let down
To be henceforth the whole earth's crown
Set 'mid the Holy Land.

John Finley

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM?

How far is it to Bethlehem?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star?

Can we see the little Child,
Is He within?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in?

May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, or sheep?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep?

If we touch His tiny hand
Will He awake?
Will He know we've come so far
Just for His sake?

Great Kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught;
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

For all weary Children
Mary must weep.
Here, on His bed of straw,
Sleep, children, sleep.

God, in His Mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,

Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

FRANCES CHESTERTON

GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY

WITH tapers flickering in our hands, we groped
Our way down flights of worn, uneven stair,
Still wondering why we came and what we hoped,
Breathing an alien, incense-smothered air.

A chapel, marble-walled and marble-paved,
And at the east, shrine of all nations' love,
A silver star set in the floor and laved
In light from lamps that ever burn above.

A Russian pilgrim, gray locks floating from
Fur cap, his wool coat stained by travel far,
Flung wide his arms in a delirium
Of worship, fell full length and kissed the star;

While a child-wife of Bethlehem, the dark,
High hat 'neath snowy kerchief proud to bear
Her dowry in gold bands of sequins, spark
On spark, rose quietly from murmured prayer

Beside the manger and, apart, enisled
In dream of motherhood, made circuit shy
Of all the grotto, kissed its walls and smiled
And softly sang a Syrian lullaby.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

A BALLAD OF THE WISE MEN

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the Wise Men gave him gold,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed in the cattle-fold:
"Smile then, smile, little Prince of Earth,
Smile in Thy holy sleep,
Now Thou art come, for want and dearth
There shall be plenty and light and mirth
Through lands where the poor folk weep."
But Mary-Mother was still and pale
And she raised her gold-ringed head,
"Then why have I heard the children wail
All night long on the far-blown gale
While my own Child slept?" she said.
(*But far overhead the angels sang:*
"*There shall be joy!*" *the clear notes rang!*)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the censers burned for him
That the Wise Men swung on its silver stem
And prayed while the smoke rose dim:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Son of God,
Sleep while the whole world prays;
All of the world shall fear Thy nod,
Following close Thy staff and rod,
Praising this day of days."
But Mary-Mother turned whispering
There by the manger-bed
"Then why do I hear the mocking ring
Of voices crying and questioning
Through the scented smoke?" she said.

(*But high overhead the angels sang —*
"There shall be faith!" the pure notes rang.)

The Christ-Child lay in Bethlehem
And the Wise Men gave Him myrrh,
And Mary-Mother she hearkened them
As they prayed by the heart of her:
"Sleep, then sleep, little Prince of Peace,
Sleep, take Thy holy rest,
Now Thou art come all wars shall cease,
Thou who hast brought all strife release
Even from east to west!"
But Mary-Mother she veiled her head
As if her great joys were lost,
And "Here is only a manger-bed,
Then why do I hear clashed swords?" she said,
"And why do I see the tide of red
Over the whole world tossed?"
(*But still overhead the angels sang:*
"There shall be peace!" the sure notes rang!)

MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE WINDS AT BETHLEHEM

WHEN Jesus lay on Mary's knee
There was no wind nor breeze that stirred,
For Heaven then made minstrelsy
And all the earth in silence heard.

There was no wind on sea or land,
No boisterous gale blew loud and wild,
The four great winds came hand in hand
And stood about the Holy Child.

The four great winds, their pinions furled,
Came softly in with humble tread;
They saw the Maker of the World
Upon His lowly manger bed.

The South wind looked with radiant eyes
Upon this King so small and sweet;
He softly sang Him lullabies
And knelt adoring at His feet.

The West wind like a shepherd clad
Had brought his pastoral pipes to play;
He piped his music wild and glad
Until the shadows fled away.

The North wind bowed and knelt him down
To gaze upon the sight so fair;
He gave the Babe the frosty crown
That lay upon his tangled hair.

Before that shrine the East wind bent,
He had strange gifts beyond all price,
Of gold and gems of Orient
And gums and frankincense and spice.

There was no wind on sea or land,
But round about the manger bed
The four great winds stood hand in hand
And worshipped there with wings outspread.

W. M. Letts

THE CEDARS

All down the years the fragrance came,
The mingled fragrance, with a flame,
Of cedars breathing in the sun,
The cedar-trees of Lebanon.

O thirst of song in bitter air,
And hope, wing-hurt from iron care,
What balm of myrrh and honey, won
From far-off trees of Lebanon!

Not from these eyelids yet have I
Ever beheld that early sky.
Why do they call me through the sun?
Even the trees of Lebanon?

Josephine Preston Peabody

THE TOWER

It was deep night, and over Jerusalem's low roofs
The moon floated, drifting through high vaporous woofs.
The moonlight crept and glistened silent, solemn, sweet,
Over dome and column, up empty, endless street;
In the closed, scented gardens the rose loosed from the stem
Her white showery petals; none regarded them:
The starry thicket breathed odours to the sentinel palm;
Silence possessed the city like a soul possessed by calm.

Not a spark in the warren under the giant night,
Save where in a turret's lantern beamed a grave, still light:
There in the topmost chamber a gold-eyed lamp was lit —
Marvellous lamp in darkness, informing, redeeming it!

For, set in that tiny chamber, Jesus, the blessed and doomed,
Spoke to the lone apostles as light to men entombed;
And spreading His hands in blessing, as one soon to be dead,
He put soft enchantment into spare wine and bread.

The hearts of the disciples were broken and full of tears,
Because their Lord, the spearless, was hedged about with spears;
And in His face the sickness of departure had spread a gloom,
At leaving His young friends friendless.
They could not forget the tomb.
He smiled subduedly, telling, in tones soft as voice of the dove,
The endlessness of sorrow, the eternal solace of love;
And lifting the earthly tokens, wine and sorrowful bread,
He bade them sup and remember One who lived and was dead.
And they could not restrain their weeping.
But one rose up to depart,
Having weakness and hate of weakness raging within his heart,
And bowed to the robed assembly whose eyes gleamed wet in the light.
Judas arose and departed; night went out to the night.

Then Jesus lifted His voice like a fountain in an ocean of tears,
And comforted His disciples and calmed and allayed their fears.
But Judas wound down the turret, creeping from floor to floor,

And would fly; but one leaning, weeping, barred him
beside the door.
And he knew her by her ruddy garment and two yet-
watching men:
Mary of Seven Evils, Mary Magdalen.
And he was frighted at her. She sighed: 'I dreamed Him
dead.
We sell the body for silver . . .'
Then Judas cried out and fled
Forth into the night! . . . The moon had begun to set;
A drear, deft wind went sifting, setting the dust afret;
Into the heart of the city Judas ran on and prayed
To stern Jehovah lest his deed make him afraid.
But in the tiny lantern, hanging as if on air,
The disciples sat unspeaking. Amaze and peace were
there.
For *His* voice, more lovely than song of all earthly birds,
In accents humble and happy spoke slow, consoling
words.

Thus Jesus discoursed, and was silent, sitting upright, and
soon
Past the casement behind Him slanted the sinking moon;
And, rising for Olivet, all stared, between love and dread,
Seeing the torrid moon a ruddy halo behind His head.

ROBERT NICHOLS

THE LITTLE HILL

OH, here the air is sweet and still,
And soft's the grass to lie on;
And far away's the little hill
They took for Christ to die on.

And there's a hill across the brook,
  And down the brook's another;
But, oh, the little hill they took, —
  I think I am its mother!

The moon that saw Gethsemane,
  I watch it rise and set;
It has so many things to see,
  They help it to forget.

But little hills that sit at home
  So many hundred years,
Remember Greece, remember Rome,
  Remember Mary's tears.

And far away in Palestine,
  Sadder than any other,
Grieves still the hill that I call mine, —
  I think I am its mother!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

IN THE GARDEN

AT dusk of dawn the fragrant garden slept
  Full of a mystery the night had known,
  When Mary entered, trembling and alone,
And as she trod the grassy way she wept;
But from the place of deepest shadow crept
  A light most radiant — there was no stone!
  And the cold rock in which He rested shone
Where two archangels holy vigil kept.

Wondering she saw the flame-white seraphim
At that dark entrance bidding her rejoice,
Yet on the flowers her tears fell one by one;
Then turning comfortless in search of Him
She heard the quiet music of a Voice,
And Christ stood there against the rising sun.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

HOMEWARD BOUND

THE UNVISITED

What was there there beyond that farthest train,
Day beyond day the gentle wavelike plain,
Deserts and deep canyons and silent forests
Climbing to snowy peaks without a stain.

Groves of great fruits and towers built of old,
Vine-terraced hills and crystal streams and gold,
Soft-fronded palms, blue seas and golden beaches
That murmuring fringes of white foam enfold.

Dream-prairies spread with flowers that never grew,
And breezes balmier than ever blew,
A fiercer wilderness and mightier mountains
And deeper woods than traveller ever knew,

And mellower fruits and bluer lovelier bays
And warmer starrier nights and idler days,
No pain, no cruelty and no unkindness,
Peace and content and love that always stays.

J. C. Squire

ACROSS THE WORLD I SPEAK TO THEE

Across the world I speak to thee;
Where'er thou art (I know not where),
Send thou a messenger to me!

I here remain, who would be free,
To seek thee out through foul or fair,
Across the world I speak to thee.

Whether beneath the tropic tree,
The cooling night wind fans thy hair, —
Send thou a messenger to me!

Whether upon the rushing sea,
A foamy track thy keel doth wear, —
Across the world I speak to thee.

Whether in yonder star thou be,
A spirit loosed in purple air, —
Send thou a messenger to me!

Hath Heaven not left thee memory
Of what was well in mortal's share?
Across the world I speak to thee;
Send thou a messenger to me!

EDITH M. THOMAS

THE ENCHANTED TRAVELLER

WE travelled empty-handed
With hearts all fear above,
For we ate the bread of friendship,
We drank the wine of love.

Through many a wondrous autumn,
Through many a magic spring,
We hailed the scarlet banners,
We heard the bluebird sing.

We looked on life and nature
With the eager eyes of youth,
And all we asked or cared for
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

We found no other wisdom,
We learned no other way,
Than the gladness of the morning,
The glory of the day.

So all our earthly treasure
Shall go with us, my dears,
Aboard the Shadow Liner,
Across the sea of years.

BLISS CARMAN

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL

SPEAKIN' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all —
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all —
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world;
Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit — no, it aren't no good;
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,
Unless you lived your life but one day long,
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,
But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done!
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it good,
In various situations round the world —
For 'im that doth not work must surely die;
But that's no reason man should labour all
'Is life on one same shift — life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset it all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate — the wind that tramps the world!

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another — likely not so good;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done —
Excep' when awful long — I've found it good.
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

RUDYARD KIPLING

TRAVELLER'S REST

WHEN you are tired of the long road and the open sky,
I wish it may be my door that you're passing by:
I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down
And tell your tales of the land and sea and the strange
far town.

Oh, come you in from eastward or come you from the west,
Here's good cheer to greet you and welcome of the best:
Oh come you with your pockets full or come you home
poor,
Here's a place by the fireside and an open door.

You'll tell me where you were since, and the things you've
seen
Up and down the wide world where so long you've been, —
All the time that I've been here and you far away, —
And then awhile be silent, as good friends may.

And then awhile listen to the wind and rain,
Moaning in the chimney-breast, beating at the pane, —
Dark and cold outside there, and the stormy skies,
And you sitting down here with the firelight in your eyes.

C. Fox Smith

EAST WIND

I dream of a languorous, tideless shore,
Of azure light in magic caves;
Of heathery hills with summits hoar,
That wade knee-deep in northern waves;
Of rainbow sails like butterflies
That flutter to an Old World quay;
Of where a buried city lies
Beneath the sands of Brittany.

Nay! But my own New England coast,
Pungent with wild rose, pine, and bay;
Brown marsh, white sand, gray rocks that boast
The fiercest surf, the wildest spray!
Ho! For me,

Where the white, white sails go flashing to the sea;
And the sea wind is the east wind, as the sea wind
ought to be!

I dream of a castle-covered height;
Of gardens with eternal flowers,
And mossy fountains gleaming white;
Of lemon groves and myrtle bowers;
Of fairy glens and haunted halls,
Where mystery walks to and fro;
Of palaces on gay canals;
Of English green, and Alpenglow.

Nay! But New England's apple trees,
Her homely houses, square and plain,
The simple gardens loved of bees,
The maple groves, the firs of Maine!
Ho! For me,
Where the spring comes slowly, like a play to see;
And the sea wind is the east wind, as the sea wind
ought to be!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

RETURN TO NEW YORK

FAR and free o'er the lifting sea, the lapsing wastes and the
waves that roam,
Hour by hour with sleepless power the keel has furrowed
the soft, sad foam;
Slowly now, with steadier prow, she steals through the
dim gray fog-banks home.

Faint and far from across the bar the first lines burn of the
cloudy day,

From whistle and horn in the twilit morn low murmurs are
wafted across the bay.
The fleet, sweet swing of the sea-bird's wing beats down
the darkness and dies away.

Dawn, — and lo, as the drifted snow that melts from the
sun on a mountain height,
As the veils from a bride that fall and divide, the fog-veils
sunder and leave in sight,
Like Venice, dim on the water's rim, the city, my mother,
bared and bright.

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered summits
show faint and fair:
Mother, mother, to thee and none other the heart cries
out in the morning there!
Solemnly, slowly, the white mists wholly fade, and the
whole, sweet form lies bare.

Hail, all hail, with the dawn for veil, the sea for throne, and
the stars for crown!
Mother, thy son, his journeying done, triumphantly here
at thine heart bows down;
Love that sings, on the sea-wind's wings runs on to greet
thee his very own!

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

TRAVELLER'S JOY

WHAT went you, Pilgrim, for to see?
A sign or wonder-thing maybe?
Some marvel or a holy sight

As clerks in chronicles do write?
For you have gone and come again
Now tell us plain?

I saw the sky from rim to rim
Full-filled with light up to the brim
As though it were a mighty cup
To God's lip holden up.
I saw a river and a down,
A harbor and a little town,
A marshland blue with irises,
I saw all these.

Saw, too, a sedgy pond where lay
Lilies like anchored stars that Day
Had ravished from the summer night
And kept them there a-light.
I saw a hill-side gold with furze,
And wildrose banks and junipers
Distilling fragrance pungent-sweet:
I saw a path that called my feet
To go with it as any friend,
To heart's desire at the end.

Sooth, all of these! but mid them all
Did nothing wonderful befall?
No miracle?
Yea, but I have no word to tell
Of that great thing that happened me—
I saw the sea!
O wide, and blue and infinite!
League upon league of space and light!

I think that down this sapphire floor
One might walk straight to heaven's door

And lift its golden latchet-bar,
Nor find it far
Or very strange, as one would guess,
After such earthly loveliness.
Poor pilgrim, is this all your store
Of tales to tell? Is there no more
Than this that any man might show?
Yea, all is told. How should you know
That I have looked on Beauty's face,
And being far from men a space
Have found at springs of Quietness
The hands that heal, the hands that bless —
Have known the sun and wind and trod
The holy earth and talked with God!

ARTHUR KETCHUM

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll:
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

EMILY DICKINSON

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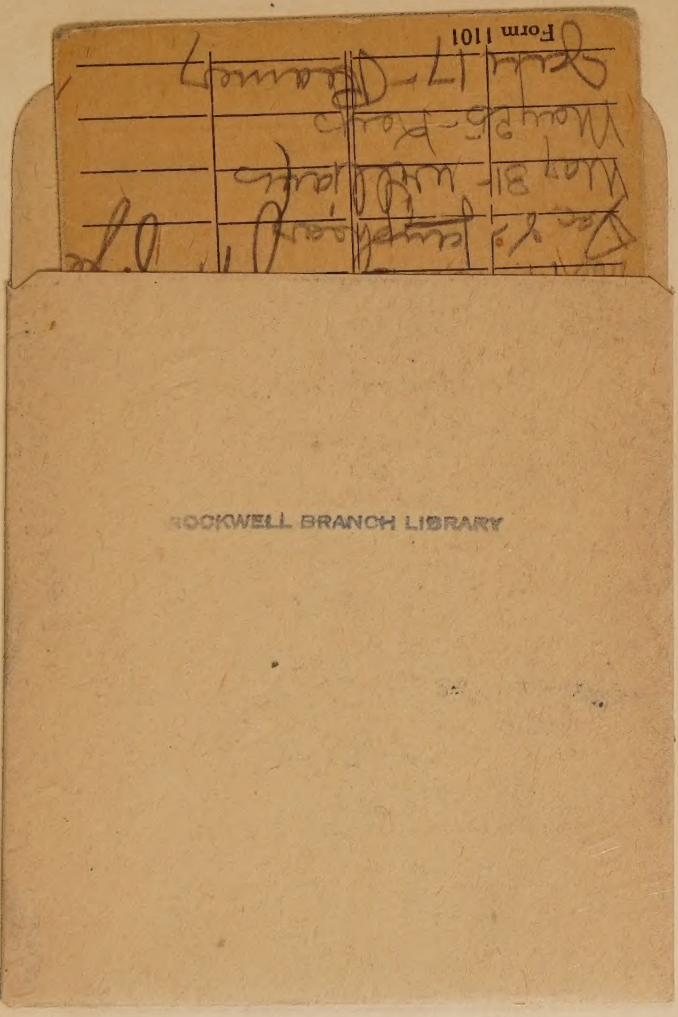
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